

UNIT FOUR

Written by
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"No, it isn't very pretty what a town without pity --can, do."

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FADE IN:

CAPTION: *Unit Four, the FBI's Behavioral Analysis Department*

EXT. A MOUNTAIN'S TUNNEL OPENING - NIGHT

Gene Pitney's 1961 "Town Without Pity" echoes in the tunnel.

A vintage pick-up truck belching blue smoke from its tailpipe rockets out of the tunnel going airborne and *slams* onto the asphalt. Sparks *fly* from its undercarriage. It fishtails on the wet road, then keeps going. Truck radio's *song* fades.

EXT. TOWNHALL AND PARK ACROSS FROM IT - MOMENTS LATER

Centered in town's park is a bronze LADY JUSTICE statue on a pedestal. She wears a blindfold with a point-down standing sword held by her right hand and scales held up by her left.

Truck races between townhall and park continuing out of town.

Rain left its streets and sidewalks wet. Streetlight reflects off the puddles. Its very few shops are closed. There is no other traffic or pedestrians. A low ground fog rolls in.

White paint is peeling off the townhall's exterior wooden double-doors which open to a haunted-mansion *squeaking*.

EMMA MOORE, 20s, in a summer dress with low heels, exits and locks the doors. She walks around a corner and a nearby bush *rustles*. She stops to stare at it. A BLACK CAT jumps out at her. She's startled, then bends to pet it. It *purrs* rubbing her ankle. The bush *rustles* again and Black Cat runs away.

Emma stares at the bush. Lightning Flash. A GLOVED HAND punches her in the mouth. She stumbles back, then spins to run, but a heel breaks and she falls. Gloved Hand grabs onto her ankle. She mule-kicks Gloved Hand away, kicks off both her shoes, and runs to hide behind Lady Justice winded.

EMMA

Help me.

Emma waits listening. Nothing. A light rain begins to fall. She trembles, then takes out her key fob and presses it. In the distance, her car's lights and *alarm* go off. She waits scanning, then runs towards her car's flashing lights.

INT. EMMA'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The car's lights and *horn* are still going.

Driver's door lock *pops* up as both lights and horn turn off.

Emma jumps in re-locking her door. She *starts* her car and turns its heater fan on *high*. She *sighs* shaking, relieved.

Sound of deep rolling *thunder*, then bright lightning.

Gloved Hand reaches from back seat and locks over her mouth. She bites its thumb and Gloved Hand turns showing "cut-scars" across a wrist. SECOND GLOVED HAND grabs her hair and yanks her head backwards. Emma is kicking on the windshield and fighting to get free as she is dragged over the front seat.

Sound of a struggle to more *thunder* then a brighter lightning flash as red liquid sprays across the windshield's inside.

Heavy rain begins to fall.

EXT. TOWNHALL - NEXT MORNING

The parking lot around Emma's car has been cordoned-off with *Construction Zone* yellow and black striped-tape. All four of her car doors are wide open.

In the front seat is SAVANNAH SULLIVAN, 20s, wearing latex gloves and a face-mask. Her blue windbreaker has *C.S.I.* printed across its back. She drops both of Emma's shoes in a clear evidence bag and seals it as she talks to the backseat.

SAVANNAH

Just her shoes. Second rainstorm washed away everything else.

GEORGE BROWN, 50s, in same gloves, mask, and jacket but with *MEDICAL EXAMINER* across his back, crawls out of back seat.

GEORGE

Held from behind. Trachea slashed.
No signs of sexual assault. Shame.

Savannah walks over to a gurney with a bodybag and lifts its unzipped flap. She studies Emma's corpse, then *wolf-whistles*.

SAVANNAH

Damn shame.

INT. FBI VEHICLE - LATER SAME DAY

A black 2000 Chevrolet Impala with government tags has two occupants and exits earlier small tunnel onto same one-lane country road.

Driver is *FBI Senior Agent*, ALANA WASHINGTON, mid-40s, African-American. She colors her *short fade* to hide its grey.

Passenger is DESTINA FLORES, *FBI Field Agent*, late-30s, fit, Hispanic. Her hair is a stylish *tied-up* with side part.

Both wear white shirts, black pants, black ties, and *M.I.B.* sunglasses. Their Oxford lace-up round-toe low-top patent leather black shoes have a mirror-shine. They are serious.

DESTINA

Nice to finally work with you.
Married?

ALANA

I --thought so.

DESTINA

Sorry. Didn't mean to intrude.

ALANA

Sure you did. How else do we get to know each other?

DESTINA

"Thought so?"

ALANA

Same reason most marriages don't work out in law enforcement.

DESTINA

Always available, 24/7.

ALANA

Says so right in the brochure. You?

DESTINA

Always a challenge for any female officer, even a Class President. But add ageism to Good Ole' Boyism and, well --.

ALANA

Especially hard for one that walks around with a chip on her shoulder.

DESTINA

Is that what you have?

ALANA

Hard not to in our workplace.

They drive on in silence.

DESTINA

Congrats on making Senior Agent.

ALANA

Took long enough. And I got the grey roots to prove it.

DESTINA

You joined at the age cutoff of 37, right? Got the waiver because you're a Veteran. What Branch?

ALANA

Semper Fi.

Earlier Mystery Truck speeds on-coming around a blind curve forcing them onto their shoulder.

ALANA

Jesús!

They recover to drive on in silence.

DESTINA

If we weren't driving a P.O.S. with no dash-cam, I could run its plate.

ALANA

Ancient agents get antique autos.

DESTINA

Pity.

They drive past a huge brick boarded-up school. Both look over in sync at it.

DESTINA

I hate seeing schools abandoned.

ALANA

Pity.

DESTINA

Redundant.

ALANA

(snaps fingers pointing)

No.

Destina takes off her sunglasses to squint looking ahead.

A bullet-riddled "Welcome To" sign is printed *PITY, Pop. 50*. Hand-scrawled lettering under it reads, *More or Less*.

DESTINA

Fifty?!

ALANA

"More or less."

EXT. TOWNHALL MAIN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Their Impala parks at the curb. Alana and Destina exit putting on blue windbreakers with *F.B.I.* across the back.

Alana sees the *Construction Zone* tape and jogs to it.

EXT. TOWNHALL BUSH - CONTINUOUS

As Alana passes Emma's earlier bush, it *rustles*. She stops.

JACKSON WILLIAMS, late 40s, short, in bib-overalls, stands up from behind the same shrub with huge vintage lopping shears.

ALANA

This your crime scene?

JACKSON

Ain't mine. And who's askin'?

Destina arrives. She and Alana pivot 180° to show their *F.B.I.* logo, then pivot back in perfect sync.

Jackson pivots to show a *Dickies* logo on his coveralls back.

ALANA

Mind getting the town doctor?

JACKSON

Don't mind e-tall.

Jackson just stands there smiling stupid.

DESTINA

Out of town?

JACKSON

Might take a spell.

ALANA

Who discovered the body?

JACKSON

Mother.

DESTINA
Whose "mother?"

JACKSON
Ain't mine.

ALANA
Whom --are we talking about?

JACKSON
"Whom?!" Don't know about you, I'm
talkin' about Miss Gagnon's.

DESTINA
Is she available?

JACKSON
You talk to cats?

ALANA
"Mother" --is a cat?

JACKSON
And twice on Sundays.

ALANA
Where is the victim located?

JACKSON
Where most dead folk gather.

Alana and Destina look at each other and nod in sync.

ALANA/DESTINA
Funeral parlor.

DESTINA
Tell its Director we'll be over
after examining your crime scene.

JACKSON
Said it ain't mine! And you ain't
gonna' find nuthin' here either.

Destina and Alana each take one of Jackson's elbows and
escort him to their car's trunk.

EXT. THEIR CAR ON TOWNHALL MAIN STREET - CONTINUOUS

Both release Jackson. Destina *pops* the trunk open.

ALANA

You take the camera and ruler. I'll use the Bindle Paper and Evidence Identifiers to ...

JACKSON

I said, ain't gonna' find nuth ...

Destina holds up a palm *Stop* to Jackson. He does.

DESTINA

I'm afraid to ask --but I will.

JACKSON

Landscapin' Day! I used a leaf blower then put down new mulch.

Both point for Jackson to leave. He does, sulking away.

EXT. EMMA'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Alana and Destina wear doctor's masks, latex gloves, and Tyvek suits inside Emma's car. Alana dusts the backseat on passenger side. Destina dusts front seat from driver's door.

ALANA

Do you lock your car at night?

DESTINA

And day. Whenever I'm out of it.

ALANA

So how was the Killer able to lay in the back seat and wait?

Destina *snaps* her fingers, but her gloves dull its sound.

DESTINA

Find that out, and we'll find him.

ALANA

"Him?"

DESTINA

It took brute strength to pull her weight up and over the front seat.

ALANA

She fought off her assailant once outside, so she would have been fighting even harder in here.

Alana examines her opened door's panel. She sees a heel smudge on it and takes a picture of it, then tapes a yellow arrow above pointing down to it. She scrapes part of smudge on a microscope slide, puts another slide over it, then folds both in *Bindle Paper* with its required nine-folds procedure.

DESTINA

She kicked off her shoes to run faster, but her footprints on the windshield are muddy. How?

Destina exits driver's door carrying a *Master Fingerprint Kit* and walks to the bush Jackson was behind.

Alana closes the passenger door and follows her.

EXT. TOWNHALL BUSH - CONTINUOUS

Destina studies the bush and its surrounding area.

DESTINA

Mr. Clean only covers up his dirt.

She sets down her Kit to dig in the new mulch with a small trenching tool, then holds something up.

ALANA

Woman's heel.

Alana opens a clear *Evidence Bag* and Destina drops heel in.

DESTINA

Broke off, so she kicked off, and ran.

ALANA

To her car?

DESTINA

Too far. She locked the building's front doors, so would have taken too long to unlock them. No.

(scans area)

Her quickest escape route was to --

EXT. LADY JUSTICE IN PARK - CONTINUOUS

Destina walks behind Lady Justice with Kit and stands looking back to Emma's car.

DESTINA

She ran here to think and --

Destina crouches and "dusts" Statue for prints. Some appear.

DESTINA

Watch and wait. When she was sure --

Alana arrives to hold up another *Evidence Bag* with Emma's key fob inside. She presses through the bag.

Emma's car *alarm* and lights go off in the distance.

ALANA

"He" knows her!

Destina uses *Lifting Tape* to remove revealed fingerprints.

DESTINA

That's how he got in to wait.

ALANA

Find her duplicate key-fob, and we've found her murderer.

INT. PITY'S FUNERAL HOME LOBBY - LATER THAT DAY

Small lobby with decorated open caskets around three walls.

Alana and Destina enter setting off the merchant's bell above the door *dinging*.

Savannah, now wearing a too-tight summer dress, exits a back room closing its sliding-doors.

ALANA

Manager?

SAVANNAH

Assistant.

DESTINA

Manager, please.

SAVANNAH

(screams)

MISTA' BROWN!

Alana and Destina react, *Ow*.

Metal pan *drops* in same backroom, then same doors slide open and George, now in an old black suit with frock-tail, enters.

ALANA

I'm Senior Agent Flores. This is Special Agent Washington.

DESTINA

Your town is small, so its law enforcement is the State Police who called us in for a serial killing.

GEORGE

Murder. First murder in years.

SAVANNAH

Except the first one.

ALANA

What "first one?"

GEORGE

The one last week.

DESTINA

(gets out a notepad)
Names?

SAVANNAH

His is George, her's is Emma.

DESTINA

Last name?

GEORGE

Mine's Brown, her's is Sullivan.

ALANA

First name?

SAVANNAH

Just said?

Destina *snaps* her fingers calling out their names while pointing to both of them.

DESTINA

You're Brown, you're Sullivan and --
(points down)
the second deceased is Emma Moore.
Who's on first?

GEORGE

Penelope Pitts was mother's nature.

DESTINA

The cat?

George and Savannah tilt their heads in sync, *Huh?*

ALANA

When will their autopsy results be ready?

GEORGE

You tell us.

George points to framed needlework, "*No Autopsies Never.*"

ALANA

Double negative.

GEORGE

That's why we don't do 'em.

Alana and Destina side-glance to speak simultaneous.

ALANA/DESTINA

City Hospital.

ALANA

What about the first, first one?

SAVANNAH

I'm having trouble following?

DESTINA

A mind is a terrible thing to waste.

SAVANNAH

What?

DESTINA

Exactly.

ALANA

You did not gather any forensic evidence on either cadaver?

GEORGE

Just personal effects.

DESTINA

When you aim for the ground, how often do you miss?

ALANA

So neither of you are doctors, and have received no training in the application of scientific knowledge in regard to gathering and securing criminal evidence.

SAVANNAH

I went to citizen's police academy?

DESTINA

Four hours a week for ten weeks?

Savannah nods animated.

GEORGE

Prudence was elderly. Whole town thought it a heart attack. Her relative wanted an open coffin.

ALANA

Which "relative?"

SAVANNAH

The "second" one.

DESTINA

What's on Second.

GEORGE

I don't know?

Alana and Destina answer in sync with complete detachment.

ALANA/DESTINA

Third Base.

DESTINA

Who provided Prudence's services?

George points to another hand-crochet framed wall-hanging behind him reading "*Services with a Smile*" and smiles big.

GEORGE

With a smile.

ALANA

What made your State Troopers think these two deaths are related?

GEORGE

Mother and daughter are, right?

SAVANNAH

(folds arms angry)
Some, "are."

INT. CITY HOSPITAL MORTUARY - THAT EVENING

Emma Moore, nude, lays face-up over a back-arch support on a stainless-steel cadaver table.

Alana and Destina, in surgical gowns, masks, gloves, and face-shields watch MEDICAL EXAMINER, East Indian female, 40s, dressed same, talking into a hanging ceiling microphone.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Incised the chest cavity leaving
ribs attached to breastbone.

Medical Examiner puts down bloody *Rib Cutters* to lift entire frontal rib cage off and set on a stainless-steel tray-table.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Having removed her chest plate, I
now free the intestines by cutting
along their attachment tissue.

Medical Examiner picks up an *Enterotome* to cut the tissue.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

I shall examine all organs in situ.

She plunges both hands down into the abdomen feeling around.

Alana and Destina adjust to look at what she is doing.

ALANA

Bureau of Labor Statistics predict
physician openings will increase
thirteen percent next year.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

"Some people drink from the
fountain of knowledge."

DESTINA

"Others just gargle."

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Robert Anthony.

DESTINA

We both graduated medical school,
then changed professions.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Together?

Alana and Destina have a matching *snort-laugh* when surprised and push-off on each other's shoulders.

DESTINA

A Medical Examiner requires four years Undergraduate, four more Medical, three years Residency, three separate exams for License, then one more year under a Medical Examiner Fellowship.

ALANA

All while building a professional network and attending conferences.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Then twelve more years pursuing education and training in the fields of pathology and forensics all in order to wind up --here.

ALANA

Some Med-students decide to go into psychology, research or, in our case --law enforcement.

DESTINA

Like she said, all in order for us to wind up --"here."

Medical Examiner's arms are bloody to the elbows as she pulls them out, then adjusts her overhead light and searches with her eyes. Her eyebrows go up as she uses a *British* accent.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

'Ello, 'ello, 'ello?

She uses a pair of long forceps to reach down into Emma's throat then hold up a mucus-covered insect. She taps it onto a stainless-steel exam tray.

ALANA

Count your legs.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Two.

(made herself *laugh*)

Arachnid.

Alana takes a picture of it with her cell, then searches for it. A black and brown colored ant-image appears on-screen.

ALANA

Castianeira Longipalpis.

DESTINA

Ant Mimic Spider.

ALANA
Location?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
U.E.S.

ALANA
(talks into her cell)
Upper Esophageal Sphincter.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Metaphor?

DESTINA
Metonymy.

ALANA
(quotes reading cell)
"Looking and acting like something
else in order to deter predators."

DESTINA
"Predators." Killers?

ALANA
Hunters.

Medical Examiner picks up Ant with forceps again to study it.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
Which are we?

ALANA
That's what we have to find out.

Destiny *dials* a number on her cell. Other party is not heard.

DESTINA
Two adjoining rooms, please --
government rate.

INT. PITY FUNERAL HOME LOBBY - NEXT MORNING

Destina and Alana stand talking to George who is now dressed
in a black-pinstriped suit.

ALANA
We need to exhume the first body.

GEORGE
Can't.

DESTINA

Disturbance or removal of an interred corpse is subject to the control and direction of any court.

ALANA

We can get a Court Order and explain why to immediate family.

GEORGE

"Can't."

DESTINA

She doesn't have a family?

GEORGE

Not so you'd notice.

ALANA

No, I meant the first.

GEORGE

Same as the second.

DESTINA

Wait, which second?

George stares back blank. He's not acting.

ALANA

There's a third?!

GEORGE

Yep, down at the river. Local fisherman done reeled it in.

ALANA

Tell him not to disturb its site.

GEORGE

No worries, left her as is.

DESTINA

Good, we'll get our gear and go investigate the scene.

GEORGE

What do I do when they gets here?

ALANA

Tell them to wait, we'll interview when we get back. --Wait. "They?"

DESTINA

He's bringing his catch-a-the-day,
here?

GEORGE

On a poly-stringer.

Destina and Alana drop there heads shaking in disbelief.

ALANA

We need to talk to your Mayor.

George hooks thumbs under his suspenders and smiles teathy.

GEORGE

Service with a smile.

Destina's hand covers her mouth side-whispering to Alana.

DESTINA

What is going on here?

ALANA

Not a clue.

DESTINA

Join the club.

(to George)

Please call a Town Meeting.

GEORGE

(models suit)

I ain't goin' to a funeral!

DESTINA

Not yet.

(to George)

Is Third related to the first two?

Front-doors are *kicked* open by Jackson standing in *Gorton's Fisherman* yellow slickers back-lit by outside streetlights. His slickers give off heat-steam plumes as he struggles to hold the dripping corpse of EMILY MOORE, Emma's twin.

JACKSON

The Twins be ta'gether a'gin!

INT. TOWNHALL - MOMENTS LATER

40 TOWNSPEOPLE, all ages and denominations in all types of casual clothing, sit on folding-chairs. SOME are agitated.

Alana and Destina, now in suits, sit on folding-chairs on an elevated stage. George, dressed same, stands on same stage behind a microphone-stand with a music-stand as his lectern.

GEORGE

Folks, we gots to settle down in order for these agencies ...

DESTINA

Agents.

GEORGE

What I said?

(back to audience)

For these folks to get heard.

MADISON ADCOCK, lumberjack-build, full beard, in a flannel shirt and jeans, is very tall. He stands up and up.

MADISON

We has a right ta' know!

Townspeople *murmur* agreement.

GEORGE

That's why I called this meeting, Madison.

Madison speaks to hear himself talk. George repeats himself.

While they talk, Destina leans over to Alana and whispers.

DESTINA

Girl's name.

ALANA

What?

DESTINA

His name. A popular female first name in this part of the country.

GEORGE

(to Alana and Destina)

Isn't that right, Agents?

Alana and Destina spring to feet buttoning jackets clueless.

ALANA

Absolutely --

DESTINA

Positively.

GEORGE

Then explains it to us.

George hands a judicial gavel to Alana who steps to the music stand. Alana puts the gavel down to wing it.

ALANA

I'm Senior Agent Flores.

MADISON

You're a florist?

ALANA

This is ...

GEORGE

What kind of Senior Benefits?

ALANA

This is Special Agent Washington.

MADISON

She is from Washington, or she is one?

DESTINA

Both.

GEORGE

What exactly be a special agency?

Destina steps forward to speak like back at the Academy.

DESTINA

F.B.I. Special Agents are federal law enforcement officers empowered to conduct major and minor criminal investigations with arrest powers.

ALANA

We are authorized to investigate murders when there is no local law enforcement, like in your town.

MADISON

You all carry a forty cal. Glock?

ALANA

Uh, nineteen millimeter. Why?

MADISON

Can I sees it?

DESTINA/ALANA

No!

ALANA

Mister Mayor, what specific question do you need us to answer?

GEORGE

What you're gonna' do to us.

ALANA

I hope you mean for, because it works both ways. Law enforcement can only operate effectively with citizen input.

DESTINA

Agent Flores and I need to question each of you to gather even the smallest clue about your victims lives that may help us solve ...

MISS GAGNON, 60, town's busy-body, is impeccably dressed and impeccably dirty-minded. She stands fanning herself.

GAGNON

Excuse me, Officer --?

DESTINA

Agent.

GAGNON

Of course you are dear.

(to Alana)

When will our murderer strike again?

ALANA

Our assessment is on-going, so for now, we have to ask all citizens to voluntarily stay indoors at night.

MADISON

How long agent-lady?

DESTINA

F.B.I. agents are on-duty 24/7, so we're here for the duration of the investigation, and your protection.

GAGNON

Just you two?

ALANA

Other agents will be called in if,
and when, as needed, ma'am.

GAGNON

Young woman, I am not a queen.
Please address me as, Miss Gagnon.

Destina fake-smiles and curtseys with a pretend skirt.

ALANA

We'll be setting up a Command
Center in your Townhall and calling
you individually for interviews.

MADISON

Who's gonna' be our Editor now?

Alana and Destina tilt their heads in sync at George.

DESTINA

Print or Internet?

GEORGE

We's too small for a paper, so just
...

ALANA

Who publishes your on-line journal?

MADISON

She did, with help a' The Twins.

DESTINA

"She?" Penelope Pitts?

GAGNON

Prudence.

ALANA

The first-first murder victim.

DESTINA

Any relation to the first-second?

GEORGE

Step-moms count, right?

Savannah folds her arms angry again and *stomps* a foot.

SAVANNAH

Some, do.

ALANA

Where's the town's computer?

GEORGE

Bottom a' the basement.

DESTINA

Your Townhall has a cellar, uh, underground room?

GEORGE

Both.

Alana leans to Destina and whispers.

ALANA

Who's that new geek in Cyber Services?

DESTINA

The redheaded girl who's always snacking? Paku Mano.

ALANA

Yeah. Tell uh, Pac-Man, to chomp her way up here. We've got a "ghost monster" to catch.

Destina gets out her cell and dials.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL MORTUARY - MIDNIGHT

Emily is nude same as Emma was earlier on the same cadaver table. Her cut rib cage is on the steel side-table beside.

Medical Examiner finishes autopsy and pulls off her gloves.

Alana, Destina, and Medical Examiner, look at same exam tray. It has a second similar "ant" on it.

DESTINA

Same mimic ant. What's this perp telling us?

ALANA

Challenging us.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

We'll know more when Miss Pitts gets here.

DESTINA

"Miss?" Divorced or never married?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Both.

Exam room door swings open. Jackson stands in bib-overalls struggling to hold the Sunday-go-to-meeting dressed, but now partially decomposed body of Prudence.

DESTINA

You carried her all the way in?

ALANA

And no one stopped you?

JACKSON

Every "one" kept lookin' away like
I was homeless at a stop light.

Medical Examiner points to an empty stainless steel table.

Jackson enters hitting Prudence's head on doorframe, *thud*.

Alana and Destina cringe.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Welcome --to my world.

Medical Examiner *sighs* scrubbing up again.

INT. TOWNHALL - NEXT MORNING

Meeting Hall now a Command Center with a portable blackboard, aluminum easel White Boards with pictures of town landmarks taped onto them, and open folding-tables holding laptops.

Alana and Destina, in same black suits but now wrinkled, stand on the stage starting a briefing for George.

Front doors are *kicked* opened by PAKU "PAC-MAN" MANO, Asian, who looks more in her teens rather than 20s. She is short, has dyed-red hair and wears a white shirt, black tie, black jeans, and black joggers with bright-red lacings. She holds a huge laptop under one arm while pulling a roll-cart stacked with plastic milk-crates packed with electronics. Her cell is between her teeth as she head-motions, *Where?*

Destina points to a door at the back of their stage.

Pac-Man drops her roll-cart by an empty long-table, grabs a shoulder-bag out of it, and exits back-stage door still with laptop under arm and taking the cell-phone out of her mouth.

Alana goes back to briefing George.

ALANA

We have thirty days for an
Assessment, then have to get
supervisory approval to con ...

Pac-Man sticks her head out of the same doorway holding her cell high. Its speaker plays the *Game Over* sound-effect from the original *Pac-Man* game when it "dies."

Alana and Destina look at each other, then to George.

ALANA

We've just been upgraded --

DESTINA

to an Investigation.

ALANA

Any restaurants in town?

GEORGE

Up the road a spell is Ma and Pa's.

Destina *Googles* it on her cell.

DESTINA

I'm not, what's the name again?

GEORGE

Won't find 'em in that Cloud.
(points out window)
They be up -- "in that cloud."

Alana and Destina look out the window up at a mountain obscured by a large cloud floating across its apex.

EXT. THEIR FBI IMPALA - LATER THAT MORNING

Alana drives the Impala with Destina as passenger on another one-lane mountain road with an outside shoulder that drops straight down to rocks. Their car is socked-in by fog.

ALANA

"Up the road a spell?"

ALANA

Bet they can't.

They drive past a double-wide trailer-home literally on the side of the road surrounded by trees. No parking lot just wide shoulder. On top of this rusting trailer in the middle of nowhere is a wooden sign with burnt-in hand-lettering, *MA + PA'S*.

Impala's brakes lock-up. Car sits *idling* on the road.

INT. MA & PA'S - MOMENTS LATER

Trailer was converted to a four-table diner with a grease-grill along its long back wall.

PA, the cook, 50s, balding, wears bib-overalls with a once-white now grease-stained apron over his beer-belly. He uses a bent spatula to ladle a huge glob of white-grease out of a gallon-can labeled, *Lard*, onto grill. It *sizzles*.

Destina and Alana enter to see Pa enveloped in a cloud of lard-steam. Destina points up at a hand-printed sign above his grill reading, "Mighty Fine Eats."

DESTINA

Define, "fine."

ALANA

Noun. Very small particles, as found in mining.

They pull out chairs and sit at a table.

MA, early-60s, white hair, corn-cob pipe in mouth, wearing a multi-stained apron over a country-plaid dress, approaches.

MA

Break the fast, or lunch?

ALANA/DESTINA

(simultaneous)

Breakfast/Lunch.

Ma hands each the same yellowed single-paged hand-typed menu.

MA

If you be the government, suppose you be wantin' police-discount?

ALANA

Our department doesn't allow that.

MA

(yells to Pa)

No Dis!

Pa adds more Lard to grill and disappears again in its smoke.

PA (O.S.)

Then gets 'em Dog Soup!

Alana and Destina read their menus as Ma returns with two scratched green-plastic glasses of suspicious water.

Destina picks a hair out of hers, then slides her glass away.

DESTINA
Pepsi, please.

MA
Not today, missy.

ALANA
Coke?

MA
You're on a roll.

DESTINA
What do you have?

MA
Anthin' with "Nehi" on it.

DESTINA
Coffee, black. Bacon, lettuce, and
tomato sandwich. Toasted, please.

MA
Toaster broke. Grill only.

Pa adds more Lard to grill. Flames shoot up. He jumps back.

Destina raises an eyebrow at his fire hazard.

DESTINA
Whole wheat, plain.

MA
We only serves white.

Destina nods *fake-coughing* to hide her snort-chuckle.

ALANA
Number Two, over easy, and a large
O, J.

Ma yells restaurant-order slang to Pa.

MA
B, L, T, American! Flop Two! Ham n'
Red-Eye! And a dozen oyster!

ALANA

"Dozen oy --?" No, I meant, a large orange juice.

MA

Sure you don't want some "Prairie Oyster?" Cut fresh yesterday?

ALANA

"Cut?"

DESTINA

No thanks, just a large *Hug 'em*.

Ma exits with order. Alana is puzzled. Destina whispers.

DESTINA

Rocky Mountain Oysters.

Alana is more puzzled. Destina solves her puzzle.

DESTINA

Bull testicles.

Alana dry-heaves. Destina *snort-laugh*s.

EXT. TOWN'S WOODED AREA SIDEWALK - THAT DUSK

OLIVIA YOUNG, late 20s, long wavy black hair, has a model's walk without the attitude. She wears a pant-suit with combat boots strolling to Townhall. A bush near her *rustles*. She stops to stare. Same Black Cat jumps out. Olivia jumps back.

OLIVIA

Mother --?!

Olivia recovers, turns, and the back of her head is hit by a tree branch which *splinters*. She slow-falls face-first double-tapping her forehead on the cement.

Same Gloved Hands reach in grabbing her ankles and pull her unconscious body into the woods leaving a bloody trail.

INT. TOWNHALL - MOMENTS LATER

Pac-Man has set-up her gear on the longest table. The town's old desktop computer sits on it. Around it and Pac-Man are various opened snack bags.

Alana and Destina stand behind her watching.

PAC-MAN

Memory cache deleted. H-D-D
formatted.

DESTINA

You mean, reformatted?

Pac-Man looks straight up using a Scottish accent.

PAC-MAN

Aie, I'm layin' with the heathen.
(in regular voice)
Reformatting is a high-level
formatting.

ALANA

Can its memory be recreated?

PAC-MAN

"Memory?!"
(looks down shaking head)
Formatting does not erase data,
only address tables.
(back to computer)
Be glad the killer didn't
overwrite.

Pac-Man plugs a bridging-cable into the town's computer and her's, types commands on her keyboard, then hits *Enter* key with one-finger flourish. She reaches into several snack bags to combine their contents in her mouth, then eats *munching*.

PAC-MAN

We call them --files.

ALANA

When will the "files" be ...?

The files begin to scroll from bottom to top on Pac-Man's computer screen. She again combines snack-foods in her mouth.

DESTINA

Well, that speaks volumes.

Pac-Man is distracted by something she's chewing on, doesn't like it, and *spits* it out shaking her head.

PAC-MAN

Volume is a section within the
partition formatted to a usable
file system. Partition is space
created from available capacity.

ALANA

Do you always speak obtuse?

PAC-MAN

If that's what you're hearing, then that's not what I'm saying.

DESTINA

Can you Interface with partitions?

PAC-MAN

(gags on a snack)

Do you mean U.I.? Bien sûr.

(combines more snacks)

But just like the French, please don't try to speak my language. I'll talk down in yours.

ALANA

When can you get in their emails?

Pac-Man puts on a Dealer's Visor, grabs a handful of snacks, and dives into her work. She answers with her mouth full.

PAC-MAN

Hanging out in Disk Management is tricky and can wipe out all content with no hope of recovery.

ALANA

So --we should leave you alone?

Pac-Man swallows her food, then imitates a perfect Yoda.

PAC-MAN

"Mind what you have learned, save you it can."

Alana glances at her wrist-watch, then to Destina.

ALANA

When did she say she was coming in?

Alana grabs her stomach in severe pain.

Destina is concerned as Pac-Man grabs more snacks oblivious.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM SOMEWHERE - SIMULTANEOUS

Olivia opens her eyes. She can't move, she's tied to a chair.

It's dark and dank. A spot-light comes on in front blinding her. A computer's VOICE speaks from behind the bright light.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Is it safe?

OLIVIA

Is what safe, "Marathon Man?"

Olivia arches up against her restraints being electrocuted. Her mouth opens grotesque. Only the current's *humming* is heard. It stops. She falls back into chair. She looks at her hands. Wires run from her restraints down the chair legs and across the floor disappearing under the same bright light.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Overwrite?

OLIVIA

Over, what? No? I reformatted.
What's the difference?

Olivia arches up against her restraints being electrocuted. Current's *humming* stops. She collapses breathing hard. Same Gloved Hands reach out of the shadows to detach the lead from one of her wrist-binds. Olivia is relieved. Instead, the Gloved Hands attach a wired-clip to her pointer-finger.

OLIVIA

You worried about The Law?

VOICE (FILTERED)

Ohm's Law.

A cup of liquid is thrown from the shadows drenching her torso. She lifts her nose *sniffing*.

OLIVIA

Is that --? What are you doing?!

Sound of a switch being thrown and generator *hum* comes on.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Not me. S.H.C.

OLIVIA

"S.H.C.?" Spontaneous Human
Combustion? But that's a myth?!

Humming sound goes *high-pitched*. Olivia's wired-arm jams up ramrod-straight as her eyes roll back showing only whites. Sparks *fly* from her fingertip's clip. Her clothes give off steam-heat. The skin on the back of her hands begins to smoke until *crackling*. Her eye-balls burn like marshmallows as her body bursts into *flames*. The humming sound shuts off to only *popping* of burning flesh. A bucket of water is thrown from the shadows over her. She *sizzles* in a smoldering black mass.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Not, now.

EXT. CITY HOSPITAL - LATER THAT NIGHT

Their FBI Impala *slams* to a stop outside Emergency Entrance.

Destina jumps out of driver's side and blocks entrance doors open holding her badge-case high while yelling inside.

DESTINA

F.B.I.! I.C.U. Stat! STAT!

ORDERLY and NURSE exit run-pushing a gurney to their car.

Both help Alana, doubled-over in pain, onto their gurney, then push it inside. As they pass Destina, Alana holds up four fingers shaking them. Destina nods and *dials* her cell.

DESTINA

*I'm gonna' take a huge bite --
outta' somebody's crime.*

INT. OUTSIDE ALANA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Two FBI "Unit Four" Agents; BEHITHA BEAVER, late 30's, dark-skinned, Chippewa American Indian, and LAKSHMI ACHARYA, dark-skinned, early 30s, Eastern Indian, tall, march upright in black suits, ties, white shirts, and *M.I.B.* sunglasses.

STATE TROOPER, African-American female, 20s, in full uniform, guards Alana's room. She holds up a hand.

STATE TROOPER

I.D.'s, please.

Behitha and Lakshmi flip open their badge cases. Trooper reads them.

STATE TROOPER

FBI's Behavior Analysis Unit?
What's that?

LAKSHMI

Unit Four. If you have to ask --

Behitha issues the Chippewa warning, *Do not*, shaking head.

BEHITHA

Ka'go.

State Trooper understands and steps aside.

INT. ALANA'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alana, now in a hospital gown with I.V. in wrist and air-hose in nose, sleeps in her bed. Her heart-monitor *beeps*.

Destina, still in same clothes, is asleep on top of the second empty bed.

Behitha and Lakshmi enter, wait, then *cough* simultaneously.

Destina stirs, sees them, and sits up rubbing eyes.

DESTINA

Three related sadistic murders in thirty days.

LAKSHMI

Cooling-off Period?

Destina shakes head.

BEHITHA/LAKSHMI

(simultaneous)

Spree killer.

Alana *moans*. All Three Agents look at her.

BEHITHA

Diagnosis?

DESTINA

Listeria infection.

LAKSHMI

That fast? Prognosis?

DESTINA

One to four days of intravenous antibiotics and ...

Alana makes a horrible facial expression, then rolls over.

DESTINA

Up to twelve bowel movements per day.

A strong odor hits Lakshmi and Behitha who fan the air fast.

BEHITHA

Source?

DESTINA

Ma and Pa's.

Behitha and Lakshmi fan air faster. Destina opens a window.

BEHITHA
Where do we eat while here?

DESTINA
Not there.

LAKSHMI
But there's nothing else here?

Lakshmi and Behitha *snap* their fingers in sync.

LAKSHMI/BEHITHA
Burkholstz!

BEHITHA
D.C.'s most renowned caterer and --

LAKSHMI
amateur detective. *So he claims.*

BEHITHA
He'll feed us free.

LAKSHMI
If we toss him some stale tidbits.

Destina gets out her cell.

DESTINA
"If" Headquarters approves.

BEHITHA
Emphasize --

LAKSHMI
"free."

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT MORNING

Pac-Man is working at her computer station when Lakshmi and Behitha enter, then freeze. All Three make hard eye-contact.

PAC-MAN
Not thrilled working with you two
again either. How's she doing?

BEHITHA
Uncomfortable, but stable.

PAC-MAN
And Desty?

LAKSHMI

Shower and changing back at the motel. Meanwhile, she wants us to set up an *R.R.P.* in the basement.

Pac-Man types on her keyboard, then reads its screen.

PAC-MAN

Right, right. "Restorative Rest Program." We'll be rested, but any pizzas will have to be air-lifted.

Behitha and Lakshmi side-glance smiling.

LAKSHMI

Sit-Rep?

PAC-MAN

Still hacking, lots of firewalls but --? Hey, can you guys go check on a citizen who was a no-show for last night's interview?

BEHITHA

Name?

PAC-MAN

Olivia Young.

Double-doors are *kicked* hard, but don't open, followed by a double *thud* outside.

Behitha and Lakshmi run to the doors with weapons drawn, yank both doors open, and aim their guns down at two bodies laying outside, one on top of the other.

Jackson is on his back with Olivia's wet blackened corpse on top of him. He holds up both hands.

JACKSON

Knew I shoulda' throwed her back.

A breeze blows-in carrying Olivia's stench to Behitha and Lakshmi who react to the odor by jerking their heads away holstering their weapons.

BEHITHA

And we thought --.

LAKSHMI

Alana was bad.

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT DAY

Pac-Man is still snacking and computing at her work-station.

Destina enters in black slacks and a black *F.B.I.* polo-shirt.

DESTINA

Any word on our missing interview?

PAC-MAN

Word. Her body was found by
Gorton's Fisherman.

DESTINA

"Body?!"

PAC-MAN

She is officially, a charcoal
briquet.

DESTINA

Burned?! And Popeye found her?
Where?

PAC-MAN

Literally floating by. I had him
take her to the funeral home.
Lakshmi and Behitha went to secure
her discovery site. How's Alana?

DESTINA

Severe discomfort. Should be back
soon. Any luck with those emails?

PAC-MAN

Lots of passwords. They definitely
didn't want them read. FYI, who's
Craft Services on this road show?

DESTINA

Not my concern! I'll be at the
mortuary waiting for the hospital's
ambulance to transport Olivia's
body for autopsy.

Destina exits. Pac-Man opens her lap-top mimicking.

PAC-MAN

"Not my concern?" --Is mine. Hope
Amazon has drones here.

Pac-Man's eyes light-up as she does "The Three Stooges"
Curley's triple finger-snaps to thump four fingers on her
open cheek as her screen pulls up Amazon.com's *Snacks* page.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL MORGUE - LATER THAT DAY

Olivia's split wide-open blackened corpse is on exam-table.

Destina wears full scrubs with goggles and a respirator.

Medical Examiner is dressed same, but covered in soot as she talks into her overhead mike.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Extensive thermal injuries. Nerve, muscle, and tissue destruction, all show a high-voltage electrical current passed through her body. Lungs are burnt, but free of smoke, suggesting death by electrocution.

Medical Examiner lifts one of Olivia's hands. It breaks off at the wrist.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Don't say it.

Medical Examiner examines severed hand and wrist continuing.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Crusting around the victim's wrist suggests she was bound at time of her death.

(studies hand's finger-tip)

Thermal burn from contact with the electrical source suggests fire was set to disguise real cause.

Destina's cell *rings*, she reads its caller, then puts it on speaker.

DESTINA

Murder number four, Mr. Mayor.

GEORGE (FILTERED)

Townsfolk are gathered at the fire station like you asked.

Destina looks into Olivia's mouth as she wonders out loud.

DESTINA

Wouldn't it be something if this "one" was also related?

GEORGE (FILTERED)

Do cousins count?

Medical Examiner wags Olivia's disembodied hand at Destina.

EXT. TOWN'S FIRE STATION - DUSK THAT DAY

Town's vintage gas station was converted to an all-volunteer fire brigade. Two vehicles sit outside its open bay-doors, a pick-up truck was modified into a *sort-of* Firetruck, and an antique Hearse is now used as the town's ambulance.

Earlier Townsfolk stand inside its bay *talking* and arguing.

INT. FIRE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

Metal folding-chairs are lined up in front of music stand.

George enters through back door followed by Destina, Behitha and Lakshmi, all wearing black suits and sunglasses. Behind them is Pac-Man, in black jeans with her laptop. All Five Agents stand against the wall as George goes to the lectern.

MADISON

Bringing in the National Guard?

George sweeps a hand from Destina to lectern. She steps up.

DESTINA

We're not there yet.

GAGNON

Then where --are we?

LAPTOP INSERT: Pac-Man is methodically sweeping her laptop's camera across all the Townsfolk faces. She stops at each one, takes a screen-shot, and it draws down into a file.

DESTINA

Has the town's doctor returned?

DOC TAYLOR, 60s, white around temples, wearing a three-piece tweed suit, raises his hand holding a Scrimshaw pipe.

Behitha stares at Doc. Her sunglasses are really smart-glasses. She works its control-ring on an index finger.

LAPTOP-INSERT: We see what Behitha sees on Pac-Man's HUD.

Doc steps forward knocking his pipe on the bottom of a shoe.

DESTINA

We would appreciate you helping us tomorrow morning, say --nine a.m?

DOC

Make it ten. Takes a while to re-stoke the ole' furnace.

DESTINA

Fine, please bring patient files,
especially Birth Certificates.

DOC

Better have a warrant. Better make
it noon.

INT. TOWNHALL AT NOON - NEXT DAY

The White Boards now have headshots of every citizen from Pac-Man's laptop taped onto them. Behitha and Lakshmi stand studying them having a private meeting.

Pac-Man works at her computer with ear-buds plugged-in. Her monitor now shows a drone's camera-view flying over the town.

Destina, dressed same, and Doc, now wearing a three-piece herringbone suit, sit at an Interview Table up on the stage.

DESTINA

How is she?

DOC

Who? Oh, my sister. Recovering
nicely, thank you. And yours?

DESTINA

You two close?

Doc places his empty scrimshaw pipe in his mouth.

DOC

If your ailing Agent has further
complications, drop by anytime. Who
recommended you two eat up there?

DESTINA

The Mayor. Now getting back to ...

DOC

That butthead?! Man's got a cast-
iron stomach. Plus he's their --

Doc takes out his pipe to lean forward whispering.

DOC

silent partner.

DESTINA

Are you and your sister close?

DOC

Some are.

Destina hand-motions to Behitha and Lakshmi who bring a laptop and hand it to her, then stand *Parade Rest* behind Doc.

DESTINA

Guess you two "aren't." Court records indicate she sued you.

DOC

Unfortunate understanding.

DESTINA

Over your parents estate. What's its worth now?

DOC

Less than it was.

Doc pulls a leather tobacco-pouch out of his suit lapel to pack his empty pipe.

DESTINA

No smoking, please.

Doc lights and draws hard making its tobacco burn red.

Lakshmi takes Doc's pipe to tap its ashes into her hand, then squeezes. Her palm *sizzles*. She smiles. Lakshmi hands the now empty pipe back to Doc who tries to stand.

DOC

Where are you going with this?

LAKSHMI

Wherever you take us.

Lakshmi places a hand on Doc's shoulder who tries to shrug it off. Behitha places her hand hard on Doc's other shoulder.

BEHITHA

Where are the town's birth records?

Doc tries to stand all the way up but is forced to sit down hard by Behitha and Lakshmi hands.

DOC

Fire at their storage facility.
Just found out this rooster.

PAC-MAN

That's because your fire just happened this "cock."

DESTINA

And bull. Can you account for your whereabouts since last night?

DOC

Asleep till I got an e-mail from my sister. We talked for hours.

Pac-Man carries her laptop over and shows its screen to Doc.

PAC-MAN

I confirmed you two spoke on-line, but will your I.P. address show Voice Over Internet Protocol where a computer connects to a telephone?

Doc sits back relaxed and brushes off his pants.

DOC

I'd now like my attorney present.

ALANA (O.S.)

Something to hide, Doc?

All Agents look to the front door where a pale Alana leans wearing her worse-ever wrinkled suit. Next to her stands the State Trooper from the hospital.

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT DAY

State Trooper is gone. All Five Agents sit around a table.

Destina reaches for some of Pac-Man's snacks who *slaps* her hand away imitating.

PAC-MAN

"Not my concern."

DESTINA

Nice --of that Trooper to bring me back.

ALANA

Suspects yet?

Lakshmi pushes forward a huge stack of print-outs.

LAKSHMI

N.C.I.S. database consists of twenty-one files, but only six interest us. *Guns lost, Vehicles stolen, License Plates missing, and --.*

BEHITHA
Supervised Release. This place is
 literally a parolee's paradise.

Behitha tosses one of her two folders onto table-top.

BEHITHA
 But only one --*Denied Transaction.*

ALANA
 Background Check failure? On who?

LAKSHMI
 Whom. But first, check out this
Protection Order file.

Behitha slides second file-folder across to Alana who reads.

LAKSHMI
 Yep. Your fisher-man, is a fell-un.

Alana slides same file to Destina who pulls out a mug-shot of
 Jackson Williams arrestee double-profiles.

DESTINA
 Domestic Abuse?

ALANA
 Note his spouse's maiden name.

Alana taps her finger at a line on the *Arrest Report* for
 Destina to read. She does and both eyebrows go up.

DESTINA
 Olivia Young?!

INT. TOWNHALL INTERVIEW TABLE - THAT EVENING

Behitha, Lakshmi, and Pac-Man are at their work-stations.

Alana and Destina sit at the Interview Table with Jackson.

ALANA
 Name?

JACKSON
 Yes.

ALANA
 For the record, state your name.

JACKSON
 Wyoming.

ALANA

Not your state, your birth name.

JACKSON

Oh, my Christian name. Williams, Jackson. You can call me Mister.

DESTINA

"Mister" Jackson, can you please describe in detail how you came to find all three decedents?

JACKSON

Real sudden-like.

Destina *snaps* her fingers. Lakshmi and Behitha stand *Parade Rest* behind Jackson who keeps turning to "check them out."

PAC-MAN

Ask him about --"The Mine."

Jackson goes to stand. Lakshmi and Behitha push him down.

ALANA

Mister Jackson, does you wife's family own controlling shares in a calcium carbonate mine?

JACKSON

Parent-folk done left her some sorta' mineral-farm thingy.

Pac-Man comes and shows her laptop screen to Jackson. It is the Drone's overhead-view of a large white mine.

ALANA

Seems your mine is selling quite a bit of calcium to Asia at a very healthy profit.

Jackson *smashes* hammer-fists down on Pac-Man's keyboard.

JACKSON

Knew she were hidin' somethin'!

Pac-Man is horrified snatching back her laptop to cradle it.

ALANA

Are you now stating for the record that you had no knowledge of your wife's true net worth?

JACKSON

She t'weren't worth much to me.

DESTINA

That why you beat her?

Jackson tries to jump-up. Two Hands land on his head.

JACKSON

What?! No! I mean, no, I never beat her. Slapped her once, after she spit on me.

ALANA

Why'd she do that?

JACKSON

Didn't know at the time, but later after I got out, she laughed saying she done it to rile my goat and get me throwed in jail. Worked, too.

Alana looks up at Lakshmi and Behitha.

ALANA

How'd that get him on the Protection Order File?

PAC-MAN

Phishing.
(works laptop)
Gotcha'!

Pac-Man makes the *money-sign* rubbing thumb with two fingers.

DESTINA

Pay-off?

PAC-MAN

Probably a low-level clerk. Give me time, I'll hack-track the source.

DESTINA

(to Jackson)

Tell us all about --"your" mine.

Jackson *smashes* hammer-fists on the table.

JACKSON

Ain't mine, mine!

Pac-Man covers laptop protective returning to work-station.

Behitha and Lakshmi step around to bend down staring.

BEHITHA

Then tell us all about --

LAKSHMI
your --mind.

Jackson tilts his head like the *RCA-Victor* mascot, *What?*

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT EVENING

Alana, Destina, Lakshmi, and Behitha sit around the Interview Table drinking coffee. Pac-Man is at her work-station.

DESTINA
Believe him?

BEHITHA
Behavior analysis and cognitive psychology along with "talk-aloud" reporting show --

LAKSHMI
this town's citizens have serious problems with dissociative social stimulation.

PAC-MAN
(to self)
And you call me a nerd?

Alana and Destina stare blank not understanding.

BEHITHA
They're all shut-ins.

DESTINA
So you believe him because --they don't interact?

LAKSHMI
Only through their newsletter.

ALANA
What are we missing here?

PAC-MAN
The Missing Link?

ALANA
Exactly! So who in town besides an Editor would have dirt on everyone?

DESTINA
(snaps fingers)
I'm gagging on Gagnon.

PAC-MAN

That is not --her real name.

The Four Agents stare at Pac-Man who shows them her laptop.

INT. TOWNHALL INTERVIEW TABLE - NEXT DAY

Behitha, Lakshmi, and Pac-Man, work at their stations.

Alana and Destina sit at Interview Table with Miss Gagnon, dressed in her Sunday-go-to-meeting-best with flowered-hat. She pulls a compact out of her purse to powder her nose.

GAGNON

So what, doncha' ya' know?

DESTINA

Excuse me?

GAGNON

Don't think I will.

Miss Gagnon puts her compact away with final authority.

GAGNON

You can dilly-dally all day, but if you ask me, and you obviously are, I'd say look to "Mad" Madison.

ALANA

"Mad?"

GAGNON

As a hatter. Serial killers are always abused as children, right?

Lakshmi and Behitha each raise an eyebrow, then dive into their computers searching.

Alana looks at Destina who nods, *See?*

DESTINA

Excuse me, Mademoiselle, but would it be more proper to call you by your French surname --Gagneau?

Miss Gagnon goes to stand. Destina glares shaking her head. Miss Gagnon sits folding her hands most-proper in her lap.

GAGNON

I'd like to have my attorney present now, if you please.

Miss Gagnon harrumphs looking away with nose held high.

GAGNON

And especially, if you don't.

INT. TOWNHALL - NOW DUSK

Behitha, Lakshmi, Pac-Man with laptop, and Destina sit in their desk chairs in a semi-circle around the White Boards.

Alana stands in front of them using a laser-pen to brief.

ALANA

Markers?

BEHITHA

They --put non-functional into dysfunctional.

LAKSHMI

The last two town meetings we had, are their first in ten years.

DESTINA

Support?

PAC-MAN

For each other? None. But Google "Social Security" and Pity pops up.

ALANA

The entire town is on disability?

DESTINA

That's why they all have commercial-size satellite dishes!

ALANA

So what's their uncommon common denominator?

LAKSHMI/BEHITHA

(*snap* fingers simultaneous)
Attorney!

PAC-MAN

(types, then nods)
Yep. The whole freakin' town is represented by "one in the same."

Destina and Alana look at each other, then nod.

ALANA

Invite their counselor in for an interview.

DESTINA

And use the word, "please."
Especially, if you don't mean it.

Behitha and Lakshmi go to their work-stations nodding as Pac-Man works on her lap-top.

Alana stretches to *crack* her neck. Sounds like wood breaking.

ALANA

Need a break. I'll be outside.

DESTINA

Good idea. Fresh air can lead --

PAC-MAN

to fresh ideas.

Pac-Man combines multiple snacks and *munches* as they exit.

EXT. TOWN'S PARK - CONTINUOUS

Alana and Destina exit Townhall and cross to the park. They sit on a bench with their backs to Lady Justice who now has the sword held by her left hand and scales in right. The sun is setting. Birds *chirp*. Destina inhales deeply.

DESTINA

Mmmmm, honey-suckle. This could be a nice place to live.

ALANA

If they weren't killing each other.

Alana inhales deep, *coughs*, then *belches*.

ALANA

Excuse me.

DESTINA

How are you doing?

ALANA

(rubs stomach)
Still a little rumbly in the tummy, that's all.

DESTINA

This is like a ten foot tall jig-saw puzzle with all the important foot-pieces missing.

ALANA

If an Agent's job were that simple,

ALANA/DESTINA

Anyone could do it.

Destina thumb-points behind at Lady Justice.

DESTINA

Even blind blondie here.
(stands, stretches)
Ready?

Alana stands, they fist-bump, then walk back to Townhall.

ALANA

I'll take first night-watch. You get some sleep downstairs.

INT. TOWNHALL - NEXT MORNING

Behitha, Lakshmi, and Pac-Man, are at their work-stations. Destina and Alana sit waiting at the Interview Table.

Both front doors open and CURT DOUGLAS, ATTORNEY, 60s, in a three-piece white suit with matching hat, stands arms-wide in the doorway. He has a deep and infuriating Southern accent.

ATTORNEY

Curt Douglas is in the house!

ALANA

Town attorney.

ATTORNEY

(takes off hat, bows deep)
One and only. At your service.

DESTINA

With a smile?

Attorney's mouth opens to a huge white-teeth grin.

EXT. TOWN'S PARK - LATER THAT DAY

Lady Justice is on her pedestal, now sword in her left hand, scales held by right. Alana and Destina sit on "her" bench.

ALANA

Well, that was fruitless.

DESTINA

(thumbs behind her)

Maybe we should let blind justice
take over.

ALANA

These town folk make pointless have
a point. What are we missing?

Their peaceful looks fade as both their brows furrow.

ALANA

Wait, weren't they --?

DESTINA

Yes, they were.

Both stand to examine Lady Justice. Alana pokes "her" hard.
Lady Justice moves. Destina jumps back drawing her weapon.

DESTINA

Freeze!

ALANA

Redundant. It's called, busking.

DESTINA

(holsters gun)

A living statue?

ALANA

(to Lady Justice)

Excuse me, what's your name?

(no response)

Were you here performing on the
nights of the murders?

Lady Justice does one slow nod.

DESTINA

Did you see ...?

Lady Justice raises an eyebrow which moves her blindfold.

DESTINA

Ahhhh, can't see the truth. I'm
Special Agent Washington and this
is Senior Agent-In-Charge Flores.

ALANA

May we interview you inside please?

Alana attempts to take her sword. Lady Justice resists.

ALANA
Afraid we'll have to --.
(yanks sword away)
Insist!

Destina attempts to take the scales. Lady Justice resists.

DESTINA
Every been Tazed, Waking Beauty?

Lady Justice relaxes and holds out both arms. Destina takes her scales, then she and Alana each take an arm and guide Lady Justice across the street to enter Townhall.

INT. TOWNHALL - MOMENTS LATER

Lady Justice, Destina, and Alana sit at the Interview Table.

Behitha stands examining the sword. Lakshmi stands examining the scale. Pac-Man takes a cell-selfie with Lady Justice.

STILL CUT INSERT: Pac-Man has an *OMG*-look at Lady Justice.

Destina attempts to remove the blindfold. Lady Justice resists. Destina *slaps* her Tazer on the table, loud.

ALANA
Can you talk?

Lady Justice nods once.

DESTINA
Will "you" talk?

Lady Justice shakes head twice. Destina *sparks* her Tazer.

PAC-MAN
Are you a mime?

Lady Justice stands and does a standard mime's "*Trapped in a Box*" routine.

DESTINA
Can you at least write your name?

Lady Justice sits and crosses her arms defiant. Destina grabs two-handed one of Lady Justice's wrists as Alana pulls off her bronze-glove. Pac-Man holds Lady Justice's pointer-finger on a portable biometric identification screen, then returns to work-station and plugs the screen into her computer.

ALANA

Did you hear anything, anything at
all that might help us?

Lady Justice yanks hand back to put on her glove indignant.

DESTINA

May I read you your rights Miss --?

Pac-Man returns showing her laptop's monitor to Destina.

DESTINA

Mister?! --Gagneau?

Lady Justice stands. Behitha and Lakshmi block "her" way. She
feels their chests, then does a mime's "*Walking in the Wind*."

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER SAME DAY

Front doors are open. Lady Justice can be seen back on her
park pedestal. She switches hands with her sword and scales.

Behitha and Lakshmi, are at their work-stations. Destina and
Alana stand behind Pac-Man working at hers.

PAC-MAN

Satellite photos prove he, she, it,
whatever --was standing there
statuesque during all four murders.

Photos withdraw into a corner of the computer screen as an
arrest warrant now appears full-size on-screen.

PAC-MAN

And your hunch was right on Dumb is
Dumbest. Five years for Title 18,
sub-section 2, 2, 5, 2.

ALANA

Child Pornography Possession?!
Appeal?

BEHITHA

No need. Reversed on a technicality
to time-served.

DESTINA

What was the over-turning evidence?

LAKSHMI

His work computer. His attorney
proved "that everybody used."

ALANA

Work place?

Pac-Man reads her monitor, then sits up ram-rod straight.

PAC-MAN

Federal Clerk's Office.

DESTINA

Same office as Mister Jackson's
false Protective Order filing?

Pac-Man types furious, then nods.

ALANA

Attorney-of-record?

PAC-MAN

(types furious, smiles)
"One and only."

Alana nods to Destina, then turns to Behitha and Lakshmi.

ALANA

Any psychopathic animal abuse?

BEHITHA

The town doesn't have an animal
shelter, so --.

LAKSHMI

No records to cross-reference. But
if you noticed --.

BEHITHA

None of them own pets.

DESTINA

Except one cat.

PAC-MAN

Not even pet rocks?

ALANA

Only in their head.
(snaps fingers)
The Mine! Who is the Mine's
corporate attorney?

PAC-MAN

(searches on computer)
"One and only."

ALANA

Let's bring the barrister in again,
only this time, let's also bring in
the Bureau's --"one and only."

LAKSHMI

Adolph Schnell?

BEHITHA

The Bureau's most successful
interrogator?!

PAC-MAN

(types, is surprised)
Nein, nein, nein?! He trained under
Hanns Scharff? The Nazi?!

LAKSHMI

German Luftwaffe. Scharff was the
most effective interrogator of
World War Two.

DESTINA

Who did it all without violence.

BEHITHA

Our Army brought him over, then
made him a U.S. citizen so he could
train our Intelligence agencies.

DESTINA

Who still use his methodology of
building deep rapport.

ALANA

Schnell will have to know all our
citizens intimate details in order
to build his own rapport.

DESTINA

So we need to build him a proper
interrogation room.

PAC-MAN

(types searching)
Four free-standing partitions
coming up. Overnight.

Alana stares out through the open doors at Lady Justice.

ALANA

Be interesting to watch "The Master
Interrogator" chisel away at that.

INT. TOWNHALL - NEXT AFTERNOON

There are now four large self-standing office-partitions forming an enclosed cubicle up on the stage.

All Five FBI Agents are working at their computers.

The doors *bang* open. Lady Justice is seen out in the park.

Attorney, in same suit, enters waving a blue folded-form.

ATTORNEY

A subpoena? Me? Really?!

DESTINA

(pouring coffee)

Born in a barn?

Attorney closes both doors in a huff.

ATTORNEY

Actually, yes.

Alana shakes Attorney's hand two-on-one way too friendly.

ALANA

Thank you for coming back in. This will only take a few moments. Would you like something to drink or eat?

ATTORNEY

Stop wasting my time, girlie-girl. This ain't no Sunday Social.

Destina approaches with a coffee cup on a saucer.

Lakshmi, Behitha, and Pac-Man, each come as waitresses with a cream pitcher, a sugar-bowl, and a jar of honey.

DESTINA

Made it myself. Special honeysuckle blend.

ATTORNEY

"Honeysuckle?!" How'd you know --?

ALANA

We all know --all about you. This way, please.

All Five Agents "escort" Attorney onto the stage. Lakshmi and Behitha lift one end of partition and pivot it half-way open.

Inside, is a small table with two chairs across from each other. Sitting in one is ADOLPH SCHNELL, 40s, salt-and-pepper hair, in casual pants, *F.B.I.* polo shirt, and a monocle. He removes monocle with one hand while motioning with other hand to second empty chair. He talks with a slight German accent.

Destina places her cup and saucer in front of Schnell.

ALANA

And a second cup for our special
spieler, ya?

DESTINA

Of course, mien heir.

Destina exits. Attorney hesitates, then sits. Pac-man, Lakshmi, and Behitha, put their condiments on the table. Destina returns to set a second cup of coffee on saucer in front of Attorney. All Five Agents exit backwards over-actor smiling as the partition-wall is closed.

INT. INTERROGATION CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

Partition walls are bare. Room is claustrophobic on purpose.

Schnell sips his coffee staring at Attorney and nods, *Good.*

Attorney sips his coffee and is surprised to find it "good."

ATTORNEY

Like my mother used to --. Hey,
you're trying my patience, lackey!

SCHNELL

Like your vater did?

ATTORNEY

So you wanna' get in my head-bone,
is that it?

SCHNELL

Three's a crowd.

Attorney stands angry and tries to force the wall open.

ATTORNEY

Can't keep me against my will!

SCHNELL

Please, sit.

Attorney can't get out, so sits angry.

ATTORNEY

Do I needs an attorney?

SCHNELL

Look in the mirror.

ATTORNEY

I has rights!

SCHNELL

Ever heard of the High-Value
Detainee Interrogation Group?

ATTORNEY

(tilts head recognizing)
HIG? Thought that was just Army?

SCHNELL

You should know, since you vere
Dishonorably Discharged as O.T.H.

ATTORNEY

B.C.D. And I was set up!

SCHNELL

HIG is a three agency entity. DoD
and CIA, administered by the FBI.

ATTORNEY

So you're a G-Man, big deal.

SCHNELL

(sips coffee *mmmmmm*)
Like it was a "big deal" for your
mother to make coffee exactly like
this for your father till he left?

ATTORNEY

Guess what? Now I'm leavin'!

Attorney stands again and tries to find a way out.

SCHNELL

Tell me about --the Federal Clerk's
Office.

Attorney spins surprised.

SCHNELL

Thank you for that acknowledgement.
Please, sit.

Attorney resits wary.

ATTORNEY

Thought MITs were just intelligence gathering, not law enforcement?

SCHNELL

Mobile Interrogation Teams gather Terrorist Intel to protect "all" National Security.

ATTORNEY

Thanks for the not-needed history lesson. Why am I really here?

SCHNELL

Tell me all about --"The Mine."

Attorney pulls out a cigarette pack, taps it nervous against one hand, then pulls one out and puts it in his lips.

Schnell sips his coffee wagging a finger *Uh, uh, uh.*

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT DAY

Behitha, Lakshmi, and Pac-Man, are at their work-stations.

Alana, Destina, and Schnell sit at a work-table drinking coffee. Destina adds some honey to hers, stirs, then sips.

DESTINA.

Honeysuckle. Who knew?

SCHNELL

He does.

ALANA

Is he the one?

SCHNELL

One of.

DESTINA

That why you let him go?

SCHNELL

Your cyber-tech is tracking him.

Pac-Man now works two different Joy-sticks watching two monitors. Both show different aerial views of the town.

SCHNELL

Anyone else I can help you interview before I leave?

DESTINA

Had your yearly physical yet?

Schnell's eyebrow raises so monocle falls into his coffee.

INT. INTERROGATION CUBICLE - LATER SAME EVENING

Schnell is sitting in his chair drinking new coffee.

Panel slides open and Doc enters waiving a subpoena.

DOC

Was in the middle of an exam!

SCHNELL

So am I. Please, sit.

DOC

Look buddy, I ain't no ...

SCHNELL

Doctor? Yes, vee all know.

Doc is surprised and stumble-speeches as a Redneck.

DOC

Yes I is?

SCHNELL

Dropped your perfect dialect --.

Schnell hand-motions to sit. Doc does. Schnell sips coffee.

SCHNELL

Just like you dropped --out.

DOC

I grad-ee-ated!

SCHNELL

Eventually. West Indies vasn't it?
Specializing in Veterinary Science?

DOC

School of Medicine!

SCHNELL

That's what your wall-diploma says.
(sips coffee)
"Advanced Nursing" --is vhat your
transcript actually says.

Doc takes out his Scrimshaw pipe. Schnell crosses his two index fingers into an "X." Doc scowls, then puts a pinch of tobacco between his cheek and gum.

SCHNELL

That vhy your town's Birth
Certificates had a fiery funeral?

DOC

I needs an attorney now!

SCHNELL

Everybody here does, apparently.
Even him.

(sips coffee)

You get Calcium Carbonate out of
your town's mine, yes? But then you
put extra aluminum in it before
shipping it, yes? But doesn't too
much aluminum absorption in the
human body cause Osteopetrosis?

DOC

Osteoporosis.

SCHNELL

(smiles sipping)

Thank you for that acknowledgment.

Doc *spits* black tobacco-juice into a cubicle's corner.

INT. TOWNHALL - LATE THAT EVENING

All Five Agents and Schnell sit eating pizza around a table.

ALANA

Conclusions?

Schnell puts down his pizza slice, wipes his lips, then folds his napkin into a perfect square. He inserts his monocle and adjusts it to a perfect fit.

SCHNELL

Theorem. The reason your techniques
have failed here is because we're
dealing with multiple multiple-
personalities.

DESTINA

Multiple personality disorder?

SCHNELL

Maybe. But I'm more inclined to conjecture that what we have here, are two distinct killers.

DESTINA

(chokes on her slice)
"Two?!"

SCHNELL

Maybe more.

ALANA

(chokes on her pizza)
"More?!"

SCHNELL

Or less. Just like their sign says.

DESTINA

Great. Forty-six suspects.
(drops her pizza disgusted)
Sure wish this town at least had a convenience store.

PAC-MAN

That would be --convenient.

Polite *knock* on front doors. Pac-Man goes to open them.

Outside parked at the curb is a white catering truck. Painted on both sides is, *Salzblöcke*.

Certified Master Chef DAVID BURKHOLSTZ, 40s, paunch, balding, stands in a chef's white uniform. He has a cultured German accent even when speaking Japanese.

BURKHOLSTZ

Pocky, yuujin?

Pac-Man skips out to the truck like a child on Christmas.

Lakshmi and Behitha go to shake Burkholstz's hands.

BEHITHA

Thanks for coming.

LAKSHMI

Brought your kitchen sink I see.

BURKHOLSTZ

Sounded like you were lost, still not found, in no-where land.

Destina and Alana walk over.

DESTINA
And going nowhere.

LAKSHMI
May I introduce, Special Agents
Flores and Washington.

Burkholstz *clicks* his heels and kisses the back of Alana's
and Destina's hands. Schnell walks over with his monocle in.

BEHITHA
And this is ...

BURKHOLSTZ
The Manipulator! Ya, am huge fan of
your "gentleman" techniques.

Burkholstz jams out a fat paw. Schnell takes it, but then
examines it. Burkholstz pulls it back insulted.

BURKHOLSTZ
So for you, I prepare something
special. German Sausage en
Sauerkraut.

Schnell's monocle falls out. He catches it in one palm. This
is the first time we see him show emotion, a straight smile.

INT. TOWNHALL - NEXT MORNING

The Five Agents sit at their work-stations satiated.

Schnell goes to Burkholstz who is studying the White Boards.

BURKHOLSTZ
Number seven of "The Twelve Best
Practices." Take time to step away.

SCHNELL
Nummer eight?

BURKHOLSTZ
Utilize all your resources.

SCHNELL
Like?

BURKHOLSTZ
Moi. I utilize the two core values
of Sherlock Holmes, observation and
deduction.

SCHNELL

And what have you deduced from your observation?

BURKHOLSTZ

They all --did it.

Burkholstz's monocle falls out again. He fumble-catches it.

Four Agents sipping coffee *spit-take*. Pac-Man just nods.

BURKHOLSTZ

Nein, only kidding. But a cook's worst habit is, *no kidding*, not paying attention, ya? In childhood, we learn the patterns of life to create theories on how everything works. Then as adults, we choose how we will use this information to live our own lives.

SCHNELL

Theorem?

BURKHOLSTZ

Premise. We also all choose --
(turns around smiling)
"where" we will live our lives out.

SCHNELL

Lügner!

Lakshmi and Behitha dive into their computers.

DESTINA

The number one personality trait of any psychopath is --

ALANA

Lying! If everything they say is what they want us to believe --.

SCHNELL

Then the opposite is, by very definition, their real real truth.

LAKSHMI

Doc does hate his sister!

BEHITHA

She is trying to cut him out of The Mine!

Pac-Man works her computer feverish, then smiles as a pirate.

PAC-MAN

Trying to hide yer treasure off-shore are we mateys?

(squints one eye)

Let's see if I, ahhhh --? Hah!

(in a bad German Accent)

Ze Cayman back account, she is now, how you say --kaput.

DESTINA

Money is always a motive in murder.

Alana circles Doc's picture on its board with a red marker.

ALANA

Finally, we have a suspect.

Burkholstz's Apple wrist-watch goes off. He taps it.

BURKHOLSTZ

And as I "suspect," we finally have Jaeger Schnitzel and Fried Potato Dumplings in Orange-Vanilla Sugar.

Schnell jumps up rubbing hands together with a big smile, then recovers, and puts his monocle back in *clearing* throat.

SCHNELL

That would be --acceptable.

EXT. TOWN'S PARK - THAT EVENING

Burkholstz is inside his truck *rattling* pans.

Alana and Destina sit on the bench in front of Lady Justice. Both work toothpicks in their mouths rubbing their stomachs.

DESTINA

Gonna' have to buy new clothes if he stays. And he is, a distraction.

ALANA

And a tasteful one. But yes, now that we have a suspect, I agree. I'll talk to The Blues Sisters about their "chef" leaving us.

DESTINA

When we go back in, I'd like to also talk about a second suspect.

ALANA

The Mayor?

DESTINA

Maybe, who knows, eventually. But no, I'm again, gagging.

ALANA

Miss Gagneau?

Lady Justice moves slightly. Both Agents shift sideways to look back at her.

DESTINA

Seriously dude, your Mister Freeze thing is a little too, out-there.

Williams, in yellow slickers, walks by with a shotgun over his shoulder carrying a poly stringer with two dead frogs.

DESTINA

Excuse me Mister Jackson! Why does he, she, it, whatever --do this?

JACKSON

Penitence.

ALANA

You mean, penance?

JACKSON

Mean, both. For all those years bein' butt-fucked while all the time being innocent-like.

Lady Justice winces behind her blindfold.

Burkholstz approaches with a tray of four demitasse cups.

BURKHOLSTZ

Espresso for four --ya?

Lady Justice tilts her head interested.

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT EVENING

Destina stands in front of the White Boards while her other Agents sit semi-circle listening to her. Burkholstz is gone.

DESTINA

That's it. Except for, I am sorry he had to go.

Schmidt looks up at the ceiling scratching under his neck. He knows something.

ALANA

Destina's argument is valid.
Lakshmi, you and Behitha follow-up.

BEHITHA

If my mouse will stop jumping.

PAC-MAN

(bolts upright)
My file transfers are slow!

DESTINA

And I can't pair my Bluetooth, so?

Pac-Man jumps up and runs to her station. She digs out a rectangular electronic device and begins walking the room scanning with it. The device emits a pulsating tone.

BEHITHA

Network tester with tone generator?

LAKSHMI

Good idea. My Wi-Fi keeps showing low-signal strength.

Pac-Man spins to Lakshmi.

PAC-MAN

Since when?!

BEHITHA

"Since" --we got here?

Pac-Man runs to Lakshmi's work-station and scans its wall. As she moves her device up the wall, its tone gets stronger. She grabs a broom at the wall and uses it to swipe near ceiling.

A tiny pan-and-tilt camera *clatters* to the floor. Pac-Man wraps the camera inside an electronics blanket and whispers.

PAC-MAN

Baby Monitor.

BEHITHA/LAKSHMI

Doc!

ALANA

Can you trace its signal?

PAC-MAN

DF-ing a radio varies. Might have set up multi-path issues to confuse location. Even so, I can't search three monitors at the same time.

DESTINA

I'll call Headquarters, the Air Force has sixty-four U.A.V. bases. I'll ask one of them for twenty-four hour tasking over the town.

ALANA

We need to know where they are at all times. Desty, get a search warrant for Doc's home.

(announces to all)

We sleep downstairs in shifts. No one leaves until an arrest is made.

Everyone goes to their work-stations with renewed purpose.

Pac-Man moves the baby-monitor into a foam electronic case.

PAC-MAN

Think you're pretty smart don't you, smarty-panties? Well, meet the President of her "smarter than you'll ever be" M.I.T class.

Pac-Man raises her forearm slapping its bicep, *Fungu!*

EXT. CITY HOSPITAL - NEXT MORNING

Pity's hearse-ambulance parks by the Emergency Room and both back doors swing open.

Behitha and Lakshmi, in black suits with *MIB*-sunglasses on, exit to hold open both doors.

Schnell exits followed by Doc, both in casual dress.

DOC

I demand you let me speak with my attorney.

SCHNELL

Happy to, if and when --you are arrested. Right now, we are still conducting your witness interview.

DOC

"Witness?!" To what?

Schnell sweeps a hand towards the hospital and their automatic-doors slide open ominous.

SCHNELL

Inside, where it's --"cooler."

DOC

Why did you bring me here?!

SCHNELL

All will become clearer if, I just show you.

Schnell walks to the entrance beckoning. Behitha and Lakshmi walk shoulder-to-shoulder behind Doc herding him along.

INT. COUNTY HOSPITAL MORQUE - MOMENTS LATER

Cold-temperature vault room with cadaver-locker doors.

Schnell enters followed by Doc who is still being herded.

SCHNELL

Being a "doctor," I thought this a better scenario for you to identify your decedents.

DOC

Mine?

SCHNELL

What about your "Mine?"

DOC

No, you said "my" corpus.

Schnell opens four locker doors to pull out their sliding trays with the corpses of Emily, Emma, Prudence, and Olivia.

Behitha and Lakshmi turn their heads reacting to Olivia's still lingering odor.

SCHNELL

All are "your" patients, ya?

Olivia's black skull turns sideways and a different black and brown MIMIC ANT crawls out.

Doc heads for the exit. Behitha and Lakshmi block his way. He tries to squeeze his way between both who close ranks.

SCHNELL

But you're an amateur entomologist?

DOC

(spins angry)
Arachnologist!

SCHNELL

Thank you for that acknowledgement.
(points to Mimic Ant)
Castianeira Longipalpis, I believe.

Doc studies the spider like the scientist he thinks he is.

DOC

Myrmarachne formicaria.

The spider jumps at Doc. Behitha and Lakshmi *scream* surprised jumping back. Doc catches it in one hand.

DOC

Also known as a jumping spider.

SCHNELL

Any idea why the killer put its
cousin's specie in each of "your"
victim's throats?

Doc reacts like he's seen a ghost and goes white as one.

SCHNELL

Thank you for that acknowledgement.
(steeples fingers)
Spider got your tongue?

Doc *claps* his two hands together killing the spider.

Behitha and Lakshmi, now recovered, almost retch.

MORGUE TECHNICIAN, in scrubs, walks in.

MORGUE TECHNICIAN

Oh, you're still here. How's that
sick agent of yours doing?

INT. DOC'S HOME - IMMEDIATELY

The Office-Treatment room is in the back of his small house with medicine cabinets, exam table, medical tools, a compound microscope, a large metal box, and a huge wooden desk.

Destina and Alana wear *Tyvek* suits, latex gloves, goggles, and hospital masks. Destina is searching through Doc's desk.

Alana is examining a large shadow-box on the wall filled with mounted spiders. She *taps* a knuckle on its glass.

ALANA

The creep likes Arthropods.

DESTINA

Creepy.

ALANA

Take pictures first, so you can put everything back exactly. --*Hmmmm?*

DESTINA

Find something creepier?

Alana is now at a two-foot square stainless steel box on medicine-cabinet's countertop. The box has a glass door.

ALANA

Why would any small town doctor need a big Bench Top Incubator?

DESTINA

Petri dishes?

ALANA

Only one, and its upside down.

DESTINA

Agar plate. What's he growing?

Alana opens the incubator's door and removes the dish. She turns it right-side up, then uses a paper clip to swab a tiny bit onto a microscope slide, sandwiches another slide on top, and puts both under microscope. She looks through eyepiece.

ALANA

F, me, up.

Alana steps aside for Destiny to come and look. She does.

DESTINA

Sure did.

Alana sucks her teeth, then puts the slides on a Bindle Sheet and folds it into the correct-procedure of nine squares.

ALANA

Let's see if I can --
(seals in evidence-bag)
"return to sender."

Alana puts petri dish back inside the incubator upside-down, then turns a dial on the front all the way up to "high."

INT. TOWNHALL - LATER THAT DAY

Pac-Man is at his work-station. Alana and Destina stand at another work-station. Behitha, Lakshmi, and Schnell enter.

ALANA

How far is Doc involved?

SCHNELL

He did not put dee spiders in our victims.

DESTINA

But he does collect them. So --?

ALANA

So he's being set up. But by who?

SCHNELL

Whom. A partner, conspirator, or master chess player? Nein. Not enough pieces in play yet. But once again I reason, we're looking for more than two suspects.

DESTINA

901 criminal conspiracy?

LAKSHMI

If the criminal act was ongoing.

BEHITHA

(snaps fingers)

Target Offense! Could be, "The Mine."

PAC-MAN

I'll research its claims. Whoever owns a piece of this rock, means their prosecution could fall under the RICO act.

SCHNELL

Did your search of Doc's house reveal anything? Any baby monitors?

DESTINA

No, no monitors. But the S.O.B. is growing a culture of Listeria.

PAC-MAN

Wait, isn't that what you made you sick?

ALANA

Yes, which can be fatal to both newborns and the elderly.

LAKSHMI

The first victim was elderly and had Diabetes.

BEHITHA

Listeriosis could have caused her heart attack. You send enough of a sample to D.C. for them to test?

ALANA

Yes, which also means Ma and Pa's -- did not contaminate me.

DESTINA

Emma's lung collapse!

ALANA

Of course. When I turned her body after autopsy, I caused her final exhalation after I removed my mask.

DESTINA

Also explains her brain abscesses.

SCHNELL

Will Doc know you were there?

DESTINA

Where? Her brain? He should if ...

ALANA

No, he won't "know." But he will become suspicious when he finds his incubator was set on "High."

DESTINA

You cooked his culture?

ALANA

And goose. --Okay, long day, even longer one tomorrow. We sleep in shifts downstairs until morning.

DESTINA

When we go after "my" suspect.

Destina *cracks* all eight knuckles smiling devilish.

INT. TOWNHALL INTERROGATION CUBICLE - NEXT MORNING

There is now a third chair on Schnell's opposite side as he sits at the table wearing a black suit, tie, and white shirt.

GAGNON (O.S.)
What the Hell?! I'm not going in there!

The partition wall opens. Schnell smiles most beguiling.

SCHNELL
Please. It is so much more private.

Miss Gagnon hesitates, then sits. The partition wall closes.

SCHNELL
Thank you for coming.

Gagnon *slaps* her subpoena on the table.

GAGNON
Didn't have much choice did I?

SCHNELL
Yes, you did. We all do.
(smiles charming)
Will "he" be coming to your rescue?

GAGNON
"Rescue?!" Who?

SCHNELL
One and only.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Outta' my way, porcupine! I needs to see my client!

The partition opens again as Attorney, in same white suit, enters. Partition wall closes. Attorney *throws* his hat on the table as he sits next to Miss Gagnon.

ATTORNEY
Don't try usin' yer PSYOP shit on me, boy-wonderless.

Schnell puts on Attorney's hat smiling.

He looks silly, so Gagnon and Attorney have to smile.

SCHNELL
Thank you.

ATTORNEY

Fer --?

SCHNELL

"For" --confirming your Army training.

ATTORNEY

Startin' to irritate me, boy!

SCHNELL

Please don't say that, I try to be polite and courteous at all times.

ATTORNEY

Too polite. There's hidden meaning in everything you does.

Schnell again smiles, but this time not beguiling.

ATTORNEY

What do you want from us?

SCHNELL

"Us?" Had the impression I was interviewing Ms. Gagneau?

GAGNON

Gagnon.

SCHNELL

Semantics.

ATTORNEY

Nomenclature.

SCHNELL

Whatever.

GAGNON

(jumps up jostling table)

"Whatever?!" I've never been so insult --!

(to Attorney)

Get me out of here. Now!

Attorney tries to open partition, can't, then throws a shoulder against the wall. It falls flat out on the floor.

Gagnon storms past him and out of the building. Attorney follows until Schnell's two-finger *whistle* makes him turn.

ATTORNEY

What?!

Schnell checks for proper blocking on his hat then frisbees it to Attorney who puts it on hard with both hands angry.

ATTORNEY

I'm filing a complaint with your supervisor!

SCHNELL

Thank you.

Attorney turns to exit, then turns back in doorframe.

ATTORNEY

Fer what, Yankee?

SCHNELL

"For" showing temper, strength, and committedness to your client.

ATTORNEY

Commitment!

SCHNELL

Thank you for your acknowledgment.

Schnell smiles. Attorney storms out.

DESTINA

Did that go as planned?

Lakshmi and Behitha re-stand the fallen partition, then take screws and drivers out of their pockets to re-attach its bottom L-supports.

BEHITHA

Must have, since The Manipulator --

LAKSHMI

Manipulated us to remove the wall's floor supports.

ALANA

Where did you plant the bug?

DESTINA

His hat! --Oh, you are good.

ALANA

What did you learn from them?

SCHNELL

Who's the Beauty ...?

DESTINA

And who's the Beast? I coulda' told you that.

PAC-MAN

She's a real beaut all right.

SCHNELL

No.

(adjusts monocle)

He is.

DESTINA

So I was right, she is the beast!

SCHNELL

Are the drones monitored?

PAC-MAN

Twenty-four seven.

SCHNELL

Good. Pieces are in motion now. Strategy moves will be made. Make sure all cameras record in both infrared and night vision.

PAC-MAN

Why both? N.V.G. technology has the same limitations as the human eye. If there's not enough light, it can't see. What are you looking for?

Schnell pulls out a silk handkerchief to polish his monocle.

SCHNELL

"Fer" --an opening.

INT. TOWNHALL - THAT NIGHT

Alana and Destina are absent. Lakshmi and Behitha sit at their work-stations.

Schnell and Pac-Man sit in new wing-chairs watching a big-screen monitor. They are sipping from paper coffee-cups.

PAC-MAN

Now this is the way to do a stake-out. Great idea flying in these chairs and a Big Screen. You must really have a lot of pull.

Schnell holds out his cup. Pac-Man *toasts* with it.

PAC-MAN

So why are we just watching this
one drone circle the mine?

SCHNELL

(bolts upright)
Replay!

Pac-Man fumbles her cup putting it down to work a remote.

PAC-MAN

What?! Replay what?

On the TV, overhead-images of the mine rewind, then replay
until a "blip" of light flashes on the ground.

SCHNELL

Freeze, please.

On the TV, the overhead wide image of the mine freeze-frames.

SCHNELL

Zoom in, bitte.

Pac-Man works her remote and their image zooms down to show
the "blip" of light.

Schnell stands and goes to study the big screen.

SCHNELL

Print.

Pac-Man uses her remote to the *sound* of a printer working.

Schnell goes to printer and examines picture, smiles, then
hands it to Pac-Man whose eyes pop open.

PAC-MAN

Opening!

Lakshmi and Behitha come to examine photo. Both get excited.

BEHITHA

That's how our killers --

LAKSHMI

Move around undetected.

SCHNELL

Please call Burkholz and tell him
"thank you" for paying attention.
Also tell him --I'm hungry now.

PAC-MAN
But he's back in D.C.?

Lakshmi and Behitha glance at each other.

BEHITHA
Uhhhh, actually, he's staying --

LAKSHMI
(in Redneck accent)
"Up the road a' spell."

This is the third time we see Schnell really "smile."

SCHNELL
Ya. As I knew you would.

EXT. TOWNHALL - LATER SAME NIGHT

Burkholstz's panel truck is parked in front again.

Impala parks behind it as Destina and Alana exit staring.

ALANA
What the --?

DESTINA
Gonna' have to go on-line shopping.

Both enter Townhall.

INT. TOWNHALL - CONTINUOUS

Pac-Man and Schnell are in wing-chairs with Lakshmi and Behitha in folding-chairs. All four are being served by Burkholstz who is wearing full chef-whites again.

SCHNELL
How did search warrant pan out?

DESTINA
Fools gold. Nobody home.

ALANA
Literally, and the culture is gone.

Burkholstz brings Alana and Destina two bowls of food.

SCHNELL
Thank the man for his idea, then
try his wunderbar --what is it
again?

BURKHOLSTZ
Bratkartoffeln.

PAC-MAN
Gesundheit.

ALANA
(mentally replays)
"Idea?" --What idea?

SCHNELL
Always look --.

PAC-MAN
"Fer" an opening.

Alana and Destina are clueless, but try a spoonful of their sliced potatoes with bacon-bits and green peppers then both make *Mmmmmm*-faces. Destina talks with her mouth full.

DESTINA
"Open-Ing?"

Schnell takes the aerial-photo to Alana and holds the magnifying-glass over it as Alana continues to eat.

ALANA
Okay, that's The Mine. So?

Destina looks over Alana's shoulder. Both keep eating.

DESTINA
So what are we looking "fer?"

Destina and Alana freeze with mouths open, then exclaim.

DESTINA/ALANA
Underground!

LAKSHMI
Archives research revealed this area was part of the Underground Railroad during the Civil War.

BEHITHA
The whole town is probably honeycombed with escape tunnels.

Burkholstz presents a tray of individual dessert plates.

DESTINA
What's this?

BURKHOLSTZ
Bienenstich.

Schnell bursts out laughing. The other Agents are surprised.

SCHNELL
How appropriate! Vee have "Just
Desserts" --fer our villains.

Schnell keeps *slapping* a thigh laughing over-the-top.

The Four Agents look at him, *WTF*, as Pac-Man *Googles* it.

PAC-MAN
(in bad German accent)
Ya. Now I see. It be "Bee Sting
Cake."

BURKHOLSTZ
Vith lots of honey.

ALANA
The better to bait --.

DESTINA
Our rats with.

Schnell and Burkholstz "high five" as the Five Agents try his vunderbar cake. It really is.

EXT. NEAR "THE MINE" - NEXT MORNING

Their Impala parks at the edge of a forest near a foot-trail.

Alana and Destina exit the front as Lakshmi and Behitha from its back seat.

LAKSHMI
The road entrance is over on the
other side of the valley.

BEHITHA
But on this side, we get a better
perspective.

All Four Agents walk through the trees to stop at a cliff.

DESTINA
My, God.

ALANA
God --wants no part of this.

EXT. DRONE'S AERIAL VIEW OF MINE - SIMULTANEOUS

The Four Agents stand on moss that drops down a wall three stories to a pit filled with white multi-faceted boulders.

Two bulldozers below scoop up rocks and drop them into dump trucks that exit when full. WORKERS scurry about manning yellow-painted stainless-steel machinery and conveyor belts.

ALANA (V.O.)

How much are they taking out daily?

LAKSHMI (V.O.)

Hundred tons on average.

BEHITHA (V.O.)

But the clean percentage varies.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE "THE MINE" - CONTINUOUS

The Four Agents peer cautious over their cliff.

DESTINA

What's their cost versus profit?

BEHITHA

Unknown. Some could go to a smelter to separate the metallics.

BEHITHA

Or all go direct to manufacturing.

Alana points down to the human Worker-ants below.

ALANA

Why so few employees?

BEHITHA

This is not a processing plant. The ore is shipped whole.

LAKSHMI

The trucks are probably independent contractors. The hired-help look more like minimum-wage.

INT. TOWNHALL - SIMULTANEOUS

Schnell and Pac-Man drink coffee in the wing-chairs watching the aerial footage. They see and hear their Agents.

SCHNELL

Zoom-in on vorkers, please.

Pac-Man uses a joy-stick and rone's camera zooms-in to show Workers are all OLDER HISPANIC MALES.

PAC-MAN

Undocumented, probably. The ICE-man cometh.

SCHNELL

And that, is how we get our rats to abandon their ship.

Pac-Man's cell rings. He looks at its screen, then answers.

PAC-MAN

Hey Alana ...Yeah, I'm recording
...Hold, I'll put you on speaker.

Pac-Man pushes a button, then holds her phone flat.

ALANA (FILTERED)

Contingencies?

SCHNELL

Have ICE raid The Mine vich vill shut it down. Then we wait for subsequent panic to percolate.

ALANA (FILTERED)

Subpoena the one and only Attorney back in before our Scheisse hits their fan. Pac, are the wire-taps vorking --working?

PAC-MAN

Affirmative. Land-lines, cells, computers, even handheld, but they must be talking in code.

Burkholstz brings over *Cappuccino* with swirled foam on top.

BURKHOLSTZ

Or not at all.

SCHNELL

Get a varrant for the Attorney to turn over a complete list of all The Mine's owners.

PAC-MAN

That should fluff their chaff.

ALANA (FILTERED)

Pac, see if you can find the quadrant for where that light emitted last night. It looks like a moon crater down there. We'll never find it without exact coordinates. We're heading back now.

Schnell and Burkholstz fist-bump. Pac-Man holds out her fist.

Burkholstz puts a small Cappuccino-cup and saucer on it.

INT. INTERROGATION CUBICLE - LATER THAT DAY

Schnell, dressed casual, sits behind the table drinking more *Cappuccino* out of an ornate china cup. There is a paper cup of plain black coffee across from him, but no creme or sugar bowls, just a manila file-folder centered on the table.

The partition wall opens. Attorney, in same white suit only more wrinkled, enters and sits angry. The wall closes. Attorney hears a *clicking*-sound of something locking.

SCHNELL

After your last departure, I had our fort --fortified.

Schnell motions, *Drink*.

Attorney folds arms in defiance.

SCHNELL

You do know, police don't just go away in a murder investigation?

Schnell again motions, *Go on*. Attorney now *sips* his cup.

ATTORNEY

I usually add honey.

SCHNELL

So sorry.

ATTORNEY

Sugar?

SCHNELL

The List, please.

Attorney pulls and tosses a sealed business envelope.

Schnell opens it, reads, puts back in its envelope, then slides it over.

SCHNELL
Varrant said "full and complete
list of names of legal besitzer."

ATTORNEY
That is the list of major Claims.

SCHNELL
Do you know vhat "impeding" means?

ATTORNEY
I'm not obstructing.

SCHNELL
Would you like coffee vith your
breakfast, lunch, and dinner --
morgen?

Both stare as poker players. Attorney folds. He takes a
second sealed envelope out of his coat and tosses it.

Schnell slides it to the side and opens his manila-folder. He
lays the four victim's autopsy pictures side-by-side.

SCHNELL
These "vere" your neighbors, not
mine. But I've come to know and
care for them, probably --as vell
as you.

ATTORNEY
Doubt it.

SCHNELL
Enlighten.

ATTORNEY
(smiles giving synonyms)
Illuminate, educate, inform,
reveal.

SCHNELL
(names the antonyms)
Conceal, deceive, mislead,
delusional.

ATTORNEY
Delude.

SCHNELL
Thank you for your acknowledgement.

Schnell lays his handcuffs on the table.

INT. TOWNHALL BASEMENT - THAT NIGHT

The basement's newsletter office has been set up for temporary sleeping quarters with four cots.

Destina enters and sits on one. She *sighs* and lays down. She gets a questioning look and sits up. She runs her fingertips across the floor and examines them.

DESTINA

Why is this place so --dusty?

She blows the dust off her fingers. It forms a cloud that floats towards a wall. She follows it with her eyes. The dust seems to withdraw inside one wall's edge.

She goes to same wall and runs a hand over it, then nods. She's discovered something. She turns away from the wall.

Earlier Gloved Hand reaches in from behind to put a rag over her mouth and nose. Her eyes go wide, then she passes out.

INT. TOWNHALL BASEMENT - LATER SAME NIGHT

Door opens and Pac-Man enters.

PAC-MAN

Thought you were only taking a --?

Pac-Man scans room. No one. She sniffs the air then runs out. Sound of her feet running upstairs.

Many feet run back down. Pac-Man enters with Alana, Behitha, and Lakshmi. Schnell and Burkholstz stay back in the doorway.

ALANA

Fan out! Four sectors! Check for secret and trap doors!

All Four Agents pull out their bright mini-flashlights and take compass-points searching the floor, then each a wall.

Burkholstz pulls out a baggie of flour and puts some on one flat palm, then blows across it. His flour-cloud floats over to Destina's wall. Schnell looks at Burkholstz who shrugs.

SCHNELL

Boy Scouts Cooking Merit Badge?

BURKHOLSTZ

I literally wrote, "The Workbook."

Pac-Man rubs a hand over Destina's same wall.

PAC-MAN

Here!

EXT. TOWNHALL'S BACK WALL - MOMENTS LATER

Part of the outside wall is a door that recedes to open in.

Alana, Behitha, Lakshmi, and Pac-Man emerge with flashlights aimed and hand-guns held in offensive position over-top.

ALANA

Maintain Integrity!

The Four Agents fan out glancing where and how they step.

BEHITHA

Footprint!

Behitha sticks her pen into the ground near the footprint.

Lakshmi does the same where her own footprint is.

LAKSHMI

Second! It's deep.

ALANA

She's being carried.

PAC-MAN

I don't understand? This is so public? And yet no witnesses?

Alana holsters her gun and flashlight then scans town frowning. It's quiet, no traffic, either by foot or car.

ALANA

I know --of at least one.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM SOMEWHERE - IMMEDIATELY

Destina awakes. She can't move. Her eyes focus. She's shackled to a chair. She *sniffs* her shirt.

DESTINA

Terchloride and formyle?

Bright-lights in front of her come on. She's blinded.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Is it safe?

DESTINA

Good movie.

Destina arches up in the air being electrocuted. *Current* stops and she falls back into her chair breathing hard.

DESTINA

You're, under, arrest.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Said the spider.

DESTINA

Why that clue?

VOICE (FILTERED)

What --clue?

DESTINA

Feint! --You were setting up Doc!
(yanks on bindings)
We must be close if you feel
threatened enough to try this shit.

Destina arches up into the air being electrocuted. *Current* stops, and she falls back into her chair again exhausted.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Is it --safe?

DESTINA

The Bureau will keep pumping Agents
into this area until we find you.

A cup of liquid is thrown onto her face from the shadows.

DESTINA

Chloroform burns the skin, asshole.

Destina passes out in searing pain.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Yes it doe. Whee, hee-hee, hee-
hee.

INT. TOWN MORTUARY - MOMENTS LATER

George and Savannah are dressing a very ELDERLY CORPSE.

Door *bursts* open with Alana, Behitha, and Lakshmi entering with guns drawn. Behitha and Lakshmi flank the two.

BEHITHA

Don't Move!

LAKSHMI

Down, Get Down!

GEORGE

Kinda' hard --.

SAVANNAH

To do both?

Alana holsters her weapon to grab George by his lapels.

ALANA

Why didn't you tell us your
basement has a secret passage?!

Lakshmi spins Savannah to hand-cuff her behind as Behitha covers all.

GEORGE

It do?

Alana handcuffs George, then studies the Elderly Corpse.

SAVANNAH

No relation.

EXT. TOWN'S PARK - MOMENTS LATER

George and Savannah are being escorted handcuffed-behind by Behitha and Lakshmi into Townhall.

Alana jogs to Lady Justice.

ALANA

No more silent games!

No response. Alana pulls a telescopic baton from her jacket, *snaps* it to extension, then whips Lady Justice's shin. No response. Alana whips it again. No response. Alana feels it.

ALANA

Hide --in plain sight.

INT. TOWNHALL - NEXT MORNING

Behitha, Lakshmi, and Pac-Man, are at their stations wearing head-sets and talking into them animated.

Alana stands on stage now briefing 100 STATE AND LOCAL POLICE OFFICERS in uniform, each holding a mug-shot of Lady Justice.

ALANA

Phillipe Gagneau. 50, scars on both wrists from suicide attempt. He is prone to make-up and disguises. Treat all unknowns as Suspect.

STATE TROOPER

(raises hand)
Residence empty?

ALANA

For some time. The no-knock warrant covers door to door search, top to bottom. Check basements and attics for trap-doors, even look for ...

BEHITHA

Fifty East Coast Agents by Lunch!

LAKSHMI

Another fifty West Coast by Dinner!

Burkholstz counts on his fingers, then dials his cell.

PAC-MAN

Another two U.A.V.'s coming on-line in forty-five!

ALANA

(nods acknowledgement)
For tunnels. He wasn't gone that long, so both have to be close.

Alana passes out F.B.I. Headshots of Destina to Officers and Troopers as they exit.

STATE TROOPER

We'll find them, sir.

She exits with the rest. Alana checks her gun is loaded.

ALANA

"We" --always do.

EXT. ENTIRE TOWN - ALL THAT DAY

Agents, Officers, and Troopers, go door-to-door entering homes. All exit same homes thanking its OCCUPANTS.

EXT. BEHIND TOWNHALL - THAT EVENING

Beehive of activity as 100 NEW FBI AGENTS, all ages and sexes, wearing *FBI* on their windbreakers, are everywhere.

ALANA

Search 1, 0, 1! We Walk The Line!

Everyone spreads-out twenty feet apart in a straight line and begins walking in sync through the town.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM SOMEWHERE - SIMULTANEOUS

Destina is still confined to her chair asleep. A bucket of water is thrown on her from the shadows. She wakes.

DESTINA

What, where am I?

Bright-light turns on in front blinding her.

DESTINA

F, You!

Destina arcs up being electrocuted. *Current* stops. She collapses.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Temper, temper, Ms. Florist.

DESTINA

Psychopaths never hurt their own family, right?

VOICE (FILTERED)

Which one?

DESTINA

"Which?" Wait. You were adopted?

VOICE (FILTERED)

Foster.

DESTINA

So your victims were not related?

VOICE (FILTERED)

Which one?

Destina stalls wiggling both wrists within her wet binds.

DESTINA

Why were you placed?

VOICE (FILTERED)

Don't know.

DESTINA

Yes you do.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Yes --I do.

DESTINA

Is that why you wear women's clothing?

Destina arcs up being electrocuted. *Current* stops. She collapses *breathing* hard.

VOICE (FILTERED)

Pejorative.

DESTINA

You went from bad to worse?

VOICE (FILTERED)

Semantics.

DESTINA

"Semantics, pejorative?" That really is the --
(deductive epiphany)
Pitts! Penelope is your ...?

VOICE

Was.

DESTINA

"Was?" Your Mother Nature?

VOICE (FILTERED)

One and only.

EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

100 FBI Agents are now joined by POLICE OFFICERS and STATE TROOPERS. All are still searching. Alana turns to Behitha.

ALANA

The young Trooper that brought me from the hospital, seen her lately?

LAKSHMI

No, why?

INT. HOUSE SOMEWHERE IN TOWN - SIMULTANEOUS

Knock on front door. State Trooper is outside.

STATE TROOPER (O.S.)
State Police!

She opens and enters. The place is filthy and dust covered.

STATE TROOPER
Search Warrant!

State Trooper wrinkles her nose, then draws her weapon.

STATE TROOPER
Oh, shit.

EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - MOMENTS LATER

Alana keys her walkie-talkie.

ALANA
Results?

PAC-MAN (FILTERED)
None. All citizens are hunkered
down.

ALANA
Anyone broken off from our Line?

PAC-MAN (FILTERED)
Just one.
(searches)
Just went into the Suspect's home.

Alana points to STATE POLICE COMMANDER, 50s, in uniform.

ALANA
Continue down to the river.
(to Behitha and Lakshmi)
You're with me!

Alana takes off jogging. Behitha and Lakshmi follow her.

INT. SUSPECT'S BASEMENT SOMEWHERE IN TOWN - MOMENTS LATER

Door to an unfinished basement creaks open by State Trooper.

STATE TROOPER
Police! Anyone home?!

No response. She "clicks" a wall-switch, no light comes on. She turns on her mag-flashlight and proceeds down the stairs.

STATE TROOPER
Go home, at the end of your shift.

INT. DESTINA'S CELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Destina squints into the bright light.

DESTINA
So she took you in, then what --?
(no response)
Made you play mommy dress-up?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Twice.

DESTINA
The Twins?! So you hate all women?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Just obstinate.

DESTINA
Olivia Young?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Incompetent.

DESTINA
Me?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Obstacle.

DESTINA
And --?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Shhhhhh --!

INT. SUSPECT'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Alana enters. Behitha and Lakshmi follow in single-line entry-position with one hand on woman-in-front's shoulder and gun in free hand with shooting finger over its trigger-housing.

ALANA
F, B, I!
(no response)
Trooper?!

Alana hears a *noise* from downstairs.

ALANA
Basement.

BEHITHA
Open stairs?

Alana nods.

LAKSHMI
Oh, shit.

All Three get out mini-flashlights. Lakshmi takes down a cheap mirror hanging on the wall and blows dust off it.

INT. DESTINA'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Destina is still blinded by the light, so sits in silence. *Footsteps*, then whispers from two people. She struggles to listen, but can't understand, then sniffs the air and smiles.

DESTINA
Men who bath in their after-shave --
can be recognized from afar.

VOICE (FILTERED)
How far?

DESTINA
(in Redneck accent)
One and only.

INT. SUSPECT'S BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Alana, Behitha, and Lakshmi, stand at the top of the stairs.

Alana breaks, shakes, then throws a light-stick down. It *splashes*.

BEHITHA
Flooded?

ALANA
Wasn't earlier.

LAKSHMI
Mirror.

Lakshmi hands Alana the mirror who flat-drop tosses it down. It *splashes*. Alana shines her flashlight into it.

The water distorts Alana's light like a prism onto the four walls showing many mannequins wearing various dresses.

The Three Agents descend cautious until their shoes *splash*.

BEHITHA

Oh, Shit!

LAKSHMI

Literally.

ALANA

Sewage backup.

Alana taps the back of her head with a flat palm. Behitha and Lakshmi go back-to-back with their weapons aimed defensive covering Alana's "six."

Alana searches, then stops as her light falls on wet footprints that lead to a wall, then disappear into it.

Roman's radio *squelches*. All Three Agents jump *splashing*.

ALANA

Shit!

(keys on radio)

Washington.

PAC-MAN (FILTERED)

Your State Trooper just showed up. Said she found a secret door in the Suspect's home and crawled through a tunnel that exits near the park.

ALANA

Tell her to ask for Back-up next time. And stay put, we're on our way.

Alana keys off and turns. Behitha and Lakshmi holster and stare at her hands-on-hips. Alana keys her radio back on.

ALANA

Both of you meet us out front with --"The Launcher."

INT. DESTINA'S CELL - MOMENTS LATER

Attorney's hat frisbees out of the darkness onto Destina's lap. She shakes the hat off onto the floor and stomps on it.

ATTORNEY

Hey, that's a Stet-son!

DESTINA
Now it's a stepped-on.

VOICE (FILTERED)
Bad call.

DESTINA
So why don't you "call" off the
cheap charade, Mad Max?

Destina arcs-up being electrocuted.

ATTORNEY (O.S.)
Uuuuee, havin' us a piggy-roast!

EXT. TOWNHALL - MOMENTS LATER

State Trooper and Pac-Man wait outside. Pac-Man holds a
single-shot 40mm launcher.

Alana, Behitha, and Lakshmi, park and exit their Impala.
Alana grabs the launcher.

ALANA
BIP round?

PAC-MAN
Marking Powder.

ALANA
(to State Trooper)
Find anything in the tunnel?

STATE TROOPER
Yeah, some kinda' statu ...

Alana wheels and hip-fires The Launcher.

ARROW CAM: Launcher's plastic round hits Lady Justice and its
round-tip compresses to *explode* with a colored powder.

Lady Justice falls backwards off her, his, it, whatever,
perch high-pitched manly cursing.

LADY JUSTICE
OW! That #@\$% Hurts!

State Trooper takes off running towards Lady Justice.

The Four Agents chuckle as Trooper tackles, then cuffs her.

BEHITHA
Always send in the rookie.

LAKSHMI
They're like pit-bulls.

Alana cups both hands around her mouth and yells.

ALANA
Hey K-nine! Inside, Now!

INT. DESTINA'S CELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Humming cuts-off and Destina collapses in her chair panting.

DESTINA
Why, me?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Bad timing.

DESTINA
"Bad??" --You were in the room!

Destina goes berserk trying to break bonds. Attorney *laughs*.

ATTORNEY
Ain't she a feisty one?

Destina stalls, twisting her bindings, one is loosening.

DESTINA
Look, I get you can't release me,
but at least face me.

Attorney steps out of the dark to pick up his damaged hat.

ATTORNEY
Have to take this to a Hat Doc.

DESTINA
Give it to girlie-name.

ATTORNEY
Why do you think its Madison?

VOICE (FILTERED)
Because it is, was --*whatever*.

Madison steps into the light finger-stabbing at Attorney.

MADISON
Now what? They be everywhere!

INT. INTERROGATION CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

Lady Justice sits at the Interview Table hand-cuffed in front with blindfold off. The cubicle's panel is closed. Schnell is drawing something on a piece of paper.

SCHNELL

Read your trial transcript, then your prison file. I know why you chose your current lifestyle.

Lady Justice closes her eyes.

ALANA

Until his death in 1992, my mentor, Hanns Shcarff, redirected his life's final work to the creation of beautiful mosaics.

Schnell holds up his drawing of an impressionistic mosaic and rattles his paper. Lady Justice half-opens one eye to see it.

SCHNELL

Half his life had been built around the ugliness of deception. He decided to end it by showing the world truth through art's beauty. Kinda' like you're doing now.

Lady Justice closes her eye. Schnell goes back to drawing.

SCHNELL

You can see his art in colleges, universities, government buildings, L.A.'s City Hall, and Epcot Center.
(looks up excited)
Ever seen the fifteen-foot wall featuring the story of Cinderella?

Lady Justice snaps both eyes open.

LADY JUSTICE

Cinderella Castle!?

Schnell smiles as he slides over an 8 x 10 picture of the *Disney World* mosaic. Lady Justice *sighs* looking at it.

SCHNELL

Kind of a whole Yen and Yang thing going on. Right? I mean, since he always taught non-violence. He really was a gentle soul.

Lady Justice smiles studying the picture. Schnell puts a hand on top of Lady Justice's two.

LADY JUSTICE
Just, like, you.

Lady Justice breaks down. Schnell smiles and puts his other hand on her's.

SCHNELL
You'll feel better when you let everything out. No more secrets.

INT. DESTINA'S CELL - SIMULTANEOUS

Madison and Attorney stand in front of Destina trying to decide what to do. Destina sees their confusion.

DESTINA
Which of you two have Emma's back-up key fob?

Madisen pats himself down furiously.

ATTORNEY
I told you to burn it!

DESTINA
You two combined don't have enough spark to glow a lightning bug.

A different computer-enhanced "NEW VOICE" now speaks.

NEW VOICE (FILTERED)
That's because all men are naturally --

Madison and Attorney spin to New Voice behind the lights.

NEW VOICE (FILTERED)
Natural born idiots.

Two silenced bullets hit Madison and Attorney's foreheads. They dead-fall. Attorney's hat floats into the shadows.

DESTINA
Didn't see that coming.
(clears throat)
Who's crashing our party now?!
(no response)
Come on, what's your master plan?
Anything to do with you owning all of The Mine?

NEW VOICE (FILTERED)

Mine --now.

DESTINA

It's no one's "now" since we froze it in receivership. Cold, clever, calculating, and always indignant. Good evening --your Highness.

Gagnon steps out from the shadows wearing her flowered hat.

GAGNON

You're smarter than you look.

DESTINA

You're dumber than you think.

Gagnon aims her silenced automatic at Destina who quietly *snaps* one bound-wrist free.

GAGNON

Patience is a virtue.

Destina really hates Gagnon now and *laughs* over-the-top.

DESTINA

What a narcissistic narcissist!

GAGNON

Really? Well then, analyze this.

Gagnon *fires*.

Destina ducks tearing her other wrist's binding.

Gagnon's bullet *splinters* the back of Destina's chair.

Destina frees her other wrist and throws herself on floor.

Gagnon takes careful aim down at her.

GAGNON

Oh, look --a Kodak moment.

Foop-sound as earlier Launcher fires again. A clear-powder BIP round hits Gagnon causing her to fall backwards and fire her gun into the ceiling. Her hat flutters to the ground.

Behitha and Lakshmi enter running to hand-cuff Gagnon behind, then Terry-pat her down.

Alana jogs to Destina and helps her stand, then hugs her.

DESTINA

How did you --oof, find me?

Opening score with whistling and harmonica from *The Good, The Bad, and The Ugly* now plays. Pac-Man steps into light wearing the Attorney's hat and holding The Launcher back against a shoulder with one hand while holding her cell up with other.

PAC-MAN

Elementary, my dear Destina.

Alana releases one of Destina's ankles while she does other.

DESTINA

No, seriously.

PAC-MAN

No. "Elementary." You're in the elementary part of the old school.

Destina stands shaking water off and looks at Alana, *How?*

ALANA

Schnell broke Sculpture-boy. He painted us quite a picture.

DESTINA

Why wouldn't he tell us earlier?

BEHITHA

Too busy enjoying the irony --

LAKSHMI

That he was now the only one --

Schnell speaks over Alana's radio.

SCHNELL (FILTERED)

Truly innocent.

DESTINA

"Only one?"

ALANA

Seems the whole town wanted a piece of their mine's money-pie.

DESTINA

How do we prove that?
(snaps fingers)
Emails!

Pac-Man tries to snap her fingers, but doesn't know how.

PAC-MAN

That's why they tried to wipe the newsletter's computer. Everything everyone wrote back and forth to each for the past ten years about The Mine must be on there.

SCHNELL (FILTERED)

It appears the three deceased ladies confided in Olivia they were creating an exposé about the poor working conditions of their miners.

ALANA

Truly a town without pity.

DESTINA

(rubbing wrists)
What a shit show.

ALANA

Yes, but we still don't have its Floor Director.
(keys on radio)
Schmidt, you need another physical.
Take K-Nine with you this time.

BEHITHA

What --?

LAKSHMI

the --?!

ALL Four look. Gagnon is gone. Her cuffs lay on the floor.

DESTINA

Fuckin' desk jockeys.

Destina makes a *Gimme* hand-gesture to Alana who hands her a gun. She drops out its clip, checks it's loaded, then *clicks* back into its handle quoting the Bible.

DESTINA

"Be patient in your troubles."

ALANA

Romans Twelve, Twelve. --Everybody run your wall, watch your corner, collapse your sector!

Agents draw and check their guns, then adjust their vests.

The organ-beginning of the classic Iron Butterfly's *In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida* now plays from Pac-Man's cell.

ALANA

Look, there comes a point where
your musical sense of humor is ...

Pac-Man holds up a battery-operated hand-held Black Light.

DESTINA

Invisible DNA Marking Rounds?

Pac-Man nods and turns on her light.

LAKSHMI

The only one that shows up --

BEHITHA

Under black light.

Behitha and Lakshmi each give *Thumbs-up* to Pac-Man who two-finger salutes back.

Alana gives military hand-sign for *Line-Up*. All Agents go single-file behind Pac-Man with one hand on the front agent's shoulder and the other aiming their gun. Pac-Man holds her light out in front. Hand smudges "glow" going down the wall.

Destina *stomps* on Gagnon's hat, then *racks* her gun's slide and joins the parade.

EXT. DOC'S HOME - SIMULTANEOUS

Quaint clapboarded Rambler with an antique Rx sign in front.

Schnell parks the Trooper's cruiser and exits.

Doc yells from inside his house.

DOC (O.S.)

Go Away!

SCHNELL

Come on, you're too intelligent to
go out this way!

INT. DOC'S HOME - IMMEDIATELY

Doc is shredding papers and breaking up his lap-top with a hammer. He stops to check the revolver in his belt.

DOC

Yeah?! Tell me about it!

SCHNELL (O.S.)

Your schwester's lawsuit, your newsletter's potential notoriety, and your own fear of insolvency led you to become the villful author of this sullen Shakespearian tragedy!

DOC

Yeah?! Tell them about it!

EXT. DOC'S HOME - IMMEDIATELY

Schnell removes the cruiser's shotgun and racks it.

SCHNELL

Better than that! I can show you! Seems your park's statue really does stand for justice! Her stand-in took infra-red videos at night!

DOC (O.S.)

Wants my attorney now!

SCHNELL

Let us not play games you can't vin. We both know who shot him and Madison.

DOC (O.S.)

Gagnon!

SCHNELL

Now how could you possibly know that unless you vere there, too?!

INT. DOC'S HOME - IMMEDIATELY

Doc has finished "cleaning-up" and douses his desk with alcohol, then lights it. He draws his gun.

DOC

Prove it!

SCHNELL (O.S.)

Already did. When you opened the tunnel under your house last night. Always use red light when you come out of your rathole at night.

State Trooper steps into the doorway behind Doc with her 9mm drawn and Academy-aimed two-handed.

STATE TROOPER

Don't turn. Throw the gun. On your knees, hands on top of your head. Do it now.

Doc weighs his options.

EXT. DOC'S HOME - IMMEDIATELY

Schnell waits listening. *Gunshot* inside. Schnell runs to the front door. It's locked. He quick-rack *fires* twice at its two hinges, then police-style heel-kicks it open and rushes in.

INT. DOC'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Schnell rushes into Doc's office. Doc is on his stomach, hands cuffed behind his back. State Trooper kneels with one knee in Doc's back emptying the rounds from Doc's gun.

STATE TROOPER

Tried to shoot himself. I winged him in time, wasn't about to let him get off that easy.

Schnell grabs a fire extinguisher and puts out the desk fire.

SCHNELL

Ever thought of vorking in federal law enforcement?

INT. TUNNEL UNDER THE CLOSED SCHOOL - MOMENTS LATER

Pac-Man's light leads All Agents to a dead-end with a ladder. Her black light shows smudges "glowing" going up its rungs. She turns *off* her music. Destina gives military hand-sign for *Overwatch* and begins climbing ladder. Other Agents, including Pac-Man, semi-circle the ladder aiming up to protect her.

INT. SCHOOL'S AUTO SHOP GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Former *Auto Tech* school room still with service pits, but the tables and large equipment were removed. One bay at far end looks clean and has a mechanic's big red rolling tool-chest.

Destina barely lifts the dusty wooden lid to scan 360° with her gun aimed out. Nothing. Destina slides the lid back and slithers out on her stomach, then rolls to cover. She comes up to one knee and jams her other heel straight-legged out in Sniper Position. She checks all possibilities then calls out.

DESTINA

Clear!

She stands aiming. The other Agents exit the tunnel. Pac-Man searches with her black light. Alana gives military hand-signal *Prepare to Move Out* by circling a fist at waist level.

Sound of a motorcycle *starting*, then a racing bike exits.

ALANA

Tell me you brought the U.A.V.
remote?

Pac-Man removes her back-pack and takes out the drone's transmitter.

DESTINA

She's mine!

Destina runs to a second bike in the bay. No key. Alana runs over and hot-wires it, then kick-starts it, and hands Destina a helmet. Destina tilts her head at Alana.

ALANA

Rough neighborhood growing up.

Destina puts on the helmet smiling, revs engine, then pops and holds a wheelie exiting.

EXT. WINDY COUNTRY ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

Gagnon's motorcycle races ahead. Destina glances down and sees her bike has a radio. She turns it on. It *plays* a great chase song, so she turns the sound up full.

DESTINA

Driving fast, chasing a bad girl!
(pops front wheel up)
I Love My Jobbbbb --!

EXT. MUSIC/CHASE SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Both bikes go faster leaning into curves. They jump road-hills and go through a covered-bridge. Gagnon pulls ahead.

Earlier Mystery Truck races to them oncoming. At the last moment, it jerks towards Gagnon's bike causing her to go off-road. Destina follows Gagnon. Mystery Truck continues on.

EXT. FIGHT SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Gagnon jumps a dirt-hill going air-born. Destina also jumps diving off her bike tackling Gagnon in mid-air. Both bikes crash together *exploding*. Gagnon and Destina tumble-roll on the ground to both come up in Fighting Stance.

CAT-FIGHT: Hand-to-Hand beating the crap out of each other.

Gagnon grabs a dead tree-branch on the ground and smashes Destina in the face causing wood to splinter. Destina falls flat on her back. Gagnon lifts a big rock and holds it over her head to smash down. A whirring sound gets louder, then their drone buzz-dives just missing Gagnon, but making her duck. Destina front-kicks Gagnon's knees making her drop her rock and fall backwards in pain. Destina does a *pop-up* to standing, then dives onto and wrestles Gagnon on her back to cuff her. Destina has a bent-knee in Gagnon's back and is breathing hard, but is finally happy.

DESTINA

Now I really, love my job.

Destina becomes aware of *clapping* and looks up.

The other Four Agents are standing near their parked Impala by the side of the road, clapping and *finger-whistling*.

Destina waves, *Yeah-yeah*, and motions them over. They shake their heads and hand-motion for her to bring Gagnon to them. Destina pulls Gagnon up to standing, hooks an arm under Gagnon's cuffs with her hand up on Gagnon's shoulder, then lifts, bending Gagnon forward forcing her to walk to the car.

DESTINA

Agree with you on one thing, sis.

GAGNON

(*spits blood angry*)
What?!

DESTINA

All men are f'n idiots.

EXT. TOWN'S PARK - SUNSET

The sun is setting behind pink clouds. BIRDS are *chirping*. Lady Justice is back on her pedestal smiling. A BIRD lands on her shoulder. She stops smiling. Bird poops and flies away. She yanks off blindfold and now speaks in a deep manly voice.

LADY JUSTICE

That tears it!

Lady Justice lifts the trap door under the pedestal and pulls out her life-size replacement, places it on her pedestal with sword and scales, then walks away wiping off her bronze facial make-up with the blindfold and muttering as a man.

LADY JUSTICE

I'd better get that f'n mine.

Mystery Truck speeds by again with its radio still playing the movie theme classic, *Town Without Pity*.

EXT. TOWN'S WELCOME SIGN - MOMENTS LATER

Mystery Truck passes the Sign. Its Words "*More or*" are lined-out with "*Much*" painted above them so now reads *Much -- Less*.

FADE OUT.

CAPTION: *All facts and references to the Father of Modern Interrogation Hanns Shcarff are true and accurate.*